

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week,

Fashions, Fiction, Music and the Drama, Varieties, &c.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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No. 122.—VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

[PRICE THREEPENCE.
Post Free, 4s. 4d. per Quarter.]

MRS. HOWARD PAUL.

THIS versatile artiste, though scarcely thirty-three years of age, has been so long before the public, and has exhibited her powers in so great a variety of characters, that her name must be one of the most familiar of our time in the ears of playgoers, not only in London and the provinces, but also in America; and having so frequently referred to her successes in our dramatic and musical notices, it would be quite a work of supererogation to attempt more here than a very brief sketch of her career.

We have the very best reason for saying that Mrs. Howard Paul, first known to the world as Isabelle Featherstone, adopted the musical and dramatic profession combined from an instinctive and unconquerable love, in spite of the greatest opposition on the part of her friends, and has always been enthusiastically devoted to her calling, as all true artists must be.

Her first appearance was at the Strand Theatre in the part of Captain Macheath, and she subsequently won dramatic laurels, as some of our readers may remember, on the boards of "Old Drury." A portion of her musical education having been received in France and Italy, the foundation of a correct style and method was laid, which has since been of enduring service to her. Her voice, which is a pure contralto, ranges from A in the bass clef to A in alt—a compass of precisely three octaves—the lower portion of which is singularly rich and powerful in quality. The great

charm of Mrs. Howard Paul's manner on the stage is its naturalness; she looks, moves, and speaks with a well-controlled impulsiveness, as different as can be conceived from the ordinary rant and cant, the hack conventionality of the stage. Her utterance is singularly distinct. There is an ease, too, and finish in her assumptions, and where dialect (the Irish and Scotch, for example) is required, she is thoroughly at home. Her figure is tall, slight, and well-proportioned. Her face is an intellectual one.

Of her many impersonations we may specially mention two. "Molly Doolan, the Irish Nurse," is a wonderful bit of fidelity in art. The Dublin press unanimously pronounced it the "best, because the truest impersonation of an Irish girl ever given on the stage"—a very great compliment, when it is remembered that scores of actresses have attempted the delineation of Irish character. The other creation to which we allude is "The Unprotected Female," a whimsical portrait, highly coloured, of an angular,

"learned ignorant," old maid, who rehearses the various attacks made upon her heart, and afterwards sings a capital song anent the troubles and hardships that a poor lone female must endure. Charles Dickens himself spoke of this impersonation as a "wonderfully clever bit of acting."

When speaking of her versatility and full command over her voice, the curious entertainment that she once attempted, and was designated her "Living Portrait of Mr. Sims Reeves," should not be forgotten. This was a capital reproduction of our great tenor's manner, style, voice, and appearance, and how complete was the imitation may be judged by the following authentic anecdote that will be new to many readers: Among the audience one evening, at the St. James's-hall, in London, was a Russian nobleman, who had never before visited the English metropolis. On the conclusion of "Come into the Garden, Maud," sung by Mrs. Howard Paul, the Russian applauded vehemently, and expressed a desire to his friend and *cicerone* (an



MRS. HOWARD PAUL.

(From a Photograph.)

Englishman) to be presented to the exquisite tenor. His friend at once assured him that it was not a tenor, but a lady he had just heard. "Impossible!" said the Russian, "this is mere badinage. I am not so great a stranger in England that I am to be told English ladies possess tenor voices." "But I assure you," pursued the Englishman, "it is no device of mine, but a singular truth; that was the voice of a lady, and a wonderful imitation of Mr. Reeves, our first English tenor." In spite of this assurance the Russian was incredulous. He shook his head doubtfully. "My friend," said he, "I have no doubt you believe it to be a lady, but there is some trick, some artifice here beyond your comprehension. No woman living could mimic the notes and intonation of a man so closely. Depend upon it, you are the dupe." It was in vain the Englishman protested that he was correct. His noble friend grew excited. "Sir," said he, with emphasis, "I'll wager you 100*l.* that it was not a lady who sang. Do you take me for an imbecile, that I can't distinguish a female, even if she be disguised!" The wager was then and there agreed upon. At the end of the evening the whole party waited to see the heroine of the entertainment in *propria persona*; and it was not until the Russian had heard Mrs. Howard Paul, attired as a lady, sing the same song, that he would believe it was not a gentleman he had listened to only an hour before. Of course, the Englishman won the 100*l.*, and at once signified his intention of bestowing it on a

charity. As the group left the room, the Russian cast a glance back at Mrs. Howard Paul, and addressed his friend, with puzzled air: "*Ma foi!* are you quite sure this is a lady, and not a gentleman in crinoline, got up to play a trick on me!" Mrs. Howard Paul caught the last words, and instantly sat down at the piano, and sang a Russian Troika song in her natural voice. This at once completed the little comedy.

Mrs. Howard Paul last year achieved, as we need scarcely remind the reader, a great and deserved success in London, at the Olympic Theatre, in Offenbach's brilliant opera, *The Grand Duchess*, and only a few weeks ago, at Drury-lane Theatre, she essayed the character of Lady Macbeth, in Shakespeare's tragedy. Of the character of her acting we have already spoken in our recent criticism on this resumption of the legitimate drama at Drury-lane.

Mrs. Howard Paul's tour with her husband in the United States was a series of triumphs for her. They were received by the President at the White House



with great cordiality, and in Boston Longfellow was so charmed with the lady's interpretation of his "Excelsior," that he presented her with a copy of this beautiful lyric in his own handwriting—a delicate compliment highly appreciated by the fair recipient. Mr. Longfellow invited the artist to his house at Cambridge, near Boston, to meet a large circle of his literary and musical neighbours.

In short, then, Mrs. Howard Paul's public career must be considered highly successful; still, we cannot but think that she has, on the whole, scarcely done justice to her powers, either as a vocalist or dramatist, often assuming parts ridiculously beneath her. On this point, however, we are pleased to know that she has thought seriously of late, and we should not be at all surprised, therefore, to find her making further advances in her arduous and difficult profession. Her own remarks show this, hence we trust we may be pardoned for quoting them. Referring to her professional career, she observed to us: "I have never taken any other model for my performances than *Nature*, believing that to be a sufficient study for a lifetime; and that, having travelled widely, and with my senses awake, I have enjoyed the opportunity of studying human nature in the 'broad,' for I believe the true genius of an actor is versatility. What fine and successful examples of the correctness of that idea do the continental theatres afford, where they scarcely know that almost fatal 'line of business' with which our theatres are so closely acquainted. It is therefore because I love my work, apart from any ambitious desires (which I confess to), that I make study of, and play at every opportunity, parts of a higher and more important character than I have done in my early career, for any study which stimulates the brain to higher thoughts must have a healthful influence upon both artist and audience. I love and respect my art, and if industry, conscientiousness, and self-examination can advance me, I WILL mount higher yet."

Here we must conclude, and in doing so we cannot but wish both Mrs. Howard Paul and her husband abundant and long-continued success.

EVENING PRAYER.

Now the soft warm gleam uncertain
In the little chamber stays,
On the spotless falling curtain,
By the bedside where she prays:
From the shadow round her kneeling,
Slender hands are raised appealing.

Down below the shadow resteth,
O'er blush-alabaster feet,
Simple robe of white investeth
Up to where bows, childlike sweet,
Gentle head in hands half hidden,
Whence the shadow falls forbidden.

From our dusk her hands are lifting,
And the light, in answer bland,
Down her sleek brown tresses drifting,
Seems to smooth them with a hand—
Solemn hand from forth the splendour,
Where this child hath those that tend her!

These love-tears may cloud my vision;
Yet about this humble room
Do not faces dim, Elysian,
Yearn down o'er her through the gloom?
Even the shades are glory colder,
Warming softer as they fold her!

So bathe her feet our earth's chill sorrow,
Never cling more dark than this;
From her gentle spirit borrow
Even the hues and warmth of bliss,
While her soul inhales the heaven,
Praying thus at morn and even!

Her, life's darkling pilgrim baileth;
Mountain forest, haunted nook,
As on high serene she saileth,
Smile beneath her sainted look!
Only worldlings, foul in feeling,
Curse the childlike light revealing.

Spirit music, souls of flowers,
Here luxuriate to shape,
Charming far the baleful powers:
Blessed moment, wherefore 'scape?
Hold her young, so griefless praying,
Hold these trance'd eyes from straying!

HON. RODEN NOEL.

A poetical contributor sends us a production, and adds: "Did Burns ever rite anything like this?" According to the best of our knowledge and ability, he did not.

FIVE POUNDS FOR A TITLE.—Here is a chance for young ladies of tact and imagination. An advertisement in one of the journals reads thus: "Howard Paul's Entertainment—Five Pounds for a Title."—Mr. Howard Paul's Entertainment, which consists of songs and impersonations, has no title. It is generally announced simply as Songs and Impersonations. The sum of £5. will be given for a comprehensive, short, sharp, title of not more than three words.—Address, during the month of March, Mr. Howard Paul, 59, Carlton-hill, St. John's-wood, London. Each title to be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, and on the last day of March (not the 1st of April) the election will be made. If two persons should choose to send the title that will be selected, the prize will be fairly divided. This advertisement is inserted in good faith, and is not intended as 'chaff.' Here is a good subject for discussion after dinner or tea as to what three words would appropriately form an expressive title for an entertainment in which singing and the assumption of character are conspicuous. A little pen-and-ink or pencil sketch would also doubtless be useful to convey the idea more distinctly. As Mr. Howard Paul's entertainment is a favourite among the ladies, we are sure he would prefer to make his award to one of the fair sex.

In Masquerade.

BY ANNA GRAHAM.

Author of "The Old Man's Story," "Too Late," &c.

CHAPTER II.

AGNES FLOYD sat by the open window of the school-room at Acacia Lodge, a square new villa that surmounted a piece of rising ground just beyond the village, its white frontage gleaming through a screen of acacias, laburnums, and guelder roses. The schoolroom was at the back of the house, and the window looked out upon green meadow slopes and fair orchards, from which pretty rose-covered cottages peeped out; on level pasture lands traversed by a watercourse that flashed out here and there through the pollard willows; on the church tower crowning the dark tree masses, and away over all to the pine-covered hills standing purple against the twilight sky—a deep solemn sky. But the features of the landscape were fast losing individuality of outline, and blending vaguely together in the soft duskiness of the June night.

Agnes thought she had an excuse for a few idle minutes, and in all probability she had, for her fingers had been moving rapidly for the last two hours as they fashioned the little dress in her hands. The tired hands dropped wearily in her lap now, and her head found a resting place against the window-frame, the far-away look in her eyes giving evidence that her thoughts had wandered off into dreamland. It was not often that they were permitted such an aerial excursion. Little rest did Agnes Floyd find either for hands or brain at Acacia Lodge; she certainly had not expected much when she answered that advertisement for a nursery governess, to take "the entire charge of four children under ten years of age," the said governess to be perfectly amiable, "a good needlewoman, able to impart a thorough English education, and competent to teach music, singing, drawing, fancy work, and the rudiments of French," for the munificent

smudged copies, desperate attempts upon "Ahn's First French Course" (which began at "Mon père et ma mère," and seemed likely to end there), wearisome pianoforte exercises performed by blundering and too often reluctant little fingers, offices appertaining entirely to the nursery, battles for mastery with childish waywardness, long evening hours spent in making and repairing the children's clothes, for the care of their wardrobe was included in her duties—would all this go on for years? These were times when her heart sank despairingly at the prospect, and the present was one of them.

Her meditations were, however, interrupted by a smart tap at the door, followed by the entrance of Miss Kingston, a young lady of twenty, very fashionably attired, and rejoicing in an exaggerated chignon, surmounting a cataract of fawn-coloured hair, which the fair owner was pleased to consider golden, but of which her friends were wont to speak in less flattering terms.

"Oh, Miss Floyd, why are you sitting in the dark, and by the open window, too? Will you light the gas, please; I want to speak to you. I hope that dress of Clara's is nearly finished."

Agnes informed her that it was, while closing the window and lighting the gas as desired.

"I am glad of that, because I want you to do me a favour. You have so much taste, you know. Can you alter the trimming of my mauve silk before I dress for dinner to-morrow? The velvet must be taken off, and lace substituted. Of course I know it is not exactly your place to do this, but I am sure you won't mind, for, to tell you the truth, I wish to look my best to-morrow. Papa has invited two gentlemen to dinner, and one of them is such a handsome man. He is only an artist, though, and poor, I daresay—artists generally are, I think. It is a great pity. Papa picked them up somewhere this evening, and brought them home, and introduced them to mamma and me. He has a great idea, you know, of entertaining strangers, and they are strangers here; have come on a sketching tour, or something of that kind. But they are perfect gentlemen, both of them. Mr. Vincent—he's the artist—has painted Thornleigh Church, and given papa the picture; it is so pretty."

Agnes had already formed her own opinion of the artist, if not of his picture, but she said nothing. It was not her custom to reciprocate the little confidences which Caroline Kingston condescendingly reposed in her some times, much as she would have confided them to a favourite maid, had she been so fortunate as to possess one. She rather ruefully accepted the addition to her legitimate duties required of her by the owner of the mauve silk, mentally noting a resolve to leave Acacia Lodge on the first fitting opportunity.

The dress was re-trimmed, and Miss Kingston rustled downstairs in its next day, fully bent on captivating the handsome artist. Not that her wishes concerning him took a matrimonial direction, for, as she afterwards remarked to her mamma, it would have been such folly to think of marrying an artist, but Thornleigh furnished so few admirers that she was resolved to make the most of this one. Of course he was an admirer; he had found so much to say to her the evening before, and what other attraction than herself could Acacia Lodge hold for him?

Agnes, drinking her tea with the children in the school-room, heard the hum of cheerful voices in the dining-room below, and from amidst it she could distinguish a pleasant tone she had heard once before, and the sound brought with it the vision of a bright, frank, manly face, and clear earnest eyes. And then Agnes sighed, for no particular reason that she knew of, but a spirit of repining had arisen within her and would not be laid.

After dinner, however, she received a message from Mrs. Kingston, requesting her to dress the two elder children and bring them into the drawing-room, as Mr. Vincent had inquired for Leo, the young gentleman who had interested himself in his attempt to sketch Thornleigh Church.

Agnes donned the unwonted evening dress with just a little flutter of girlish excitement quickening her pulses. She had worn no colours since her father's death, but in the long, sweeping dress of black silk, with simple ornaments of jet, she looked the very perfection of quiet elegance. Her figure was very slight, yet rounded into faultless symmetry, and her face was lovely—there could be no question of that—lovely both in form and expression; the small, delicately-chiselled features, the pure and pearl-like semi-transparency of complexion, the bright warm ripples of chestnut hair, the large, soft, liquid brown eyes gave her a beauty of the highest and most refined type.

The passionate admiration with which Vincent regarded her was, to say the least of it, quite as lover-like as it was artist-like, but Mrs. Kingston was too deeply interested in introducing to his notice her eight-year old son and heir to observe it. Master Leo was gladdened by the sight of the pictures which Vincent had brought in his sketch-book ostensibly for that young gentleman's amusement, and of course his governess had the full benefit of them too, with the additional advantage of sundry illustrative comments not exactly adapted to a juvenile capacity. One, a moonlight view of the Coliseum, taken by Vincent on the spot, seemed to her such an embodiment of some lines of Edgar Allan Poe's, that she could not help repeating them—

Vastness and age, and memories of old,
Silence and desolation, and dim night.

And then followed an animated discussion on poetry, which the two had pretty much to themselves, Caroline throwing in a few not too discriminative adjectives when Tomnyson came on the tapis. Agnes had forgotten that she was a nursery governess; she only felt that for the first time since her father's death she held intercourse on equal ground with a mind of high tone and culture, of native delicacy and refinement, fraternising with her own in a sort of mental freemasonry that made her feel as if she must have known this frank, cordial-mannered artist half a lifetime.

At last Mrs. Kingston created a diversion by sending Caroline to the piano. She remembered Agnes's place in the household, if the governess had herself forgotten it, and looked her surprise, not to say displeasure, at the sudden animation of the girl who had always been so

sum of twelve pounds a-year. But then she had found herself so hard pressed in the hand-to-hand battle of life, that she had been fain to escape from it to the first shelter that offered for weary arm and failing heart. In other words, hard work and plenty of it, with the protection of a home and twelve pounds a-year, were decidedly preferable to idleness and starvation, or a humiliating dependence on the one or two friends who might possibly have the power and inclination to maintain her.

Thrown nearly friendless and penniless on a world, from all experimental knowledge of which she had hitherto been most carefully shielded, by the sudden death of her father, a professional man—who, living, had lavished on his only child every care and tenderness, barely contrived to keep his expenditure within the verge of his income, and, dying, left her totally unprovided for—she was aroused from the bewilderment of her first wild sorrow by the urgent necessity for becoming her own bread-winner, and like most educated women thrown on their own resources, her thoughts turned at once to governessship. It would be so easy to teach, she thought; but here failure after failure awaited her. Her youth and utter inexperience were, in the sight of careful mammas, defects so serious as to overbalance the many accomplishments she really possessed; and so, heartsick with repeated disappointments, and standing tremblingly face to face with poverty, she became nursery governess at Acacia Lodge.

A year had passed since then—a whole year of constant, ill-required toil, uncheered by a single word of love or sympathy. Not that Mrs. Kingston was either harsh or unfeeling in a general way; she simply treated her nursery governess as a sort of upper servant, saw that all due attention was given to her comfort in the house, paid her her poor little salary very punctually every quarter, and was most patronising in her manner when most kind.

No; Agnes Floyd had no special grievance to complain of. Mrs. Kingston could not be blamed for her congenial surroundings and unutterable loneliness; she could not, if she would, fill her heart's deep hungering for the loving and sympathetic companionship she had lost when her father died. But she sometimes asked of herself wearily, would this loveless, unshared life go on for ever? this plodding, daily routine of work, lesson-books, slates,

quiet and reserved; and Agnes, catching this look, remembered it also; she coloured painfully, drew back from the table, and sat down in a quiet corner. Vincent closed the sketch-book and took his stand by the piano, where he gallantly occupied himself in turning the leaves of Caroline's music, his glance straying now and then, as if by an irresistible fascination, towards the beautiful face in the corner.

Miss Kingston sang two or three of the newest songs, selecting them without any reference to the words, which, not to speak too harshly of them, made some feeble attempt at poetry, looking round at the conclusion of each for laudation and the expected "one more song, if you please," and then she had to vacate the music-stool in favour of Miss Juliana, the little lady in white, who was brought forward by her mamma to display her musical talents in a simple waltz, in which she was so nearly perfect as not to strike a wrong note more than half-a-dozen times. The musical proclivities of the Misses Kingston were not by any means striking. At the close of this performance Agnes was drawn from her corner by the request of Vincent, seconded by his friend, Mr. Archibald Crumham, for some reason, when her firmness and brilliancy of touch, and her clear bird-like voice, were keenly appreciated by force of contrast. Mrs. Kingston could not be blind to this, and she decided that it was time for Juliana and Leopold to retire. Agnes caught a glance from Vincent at parting that sent her upstairs with her heart beating strangely.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Floral Decoration for the Dinner Table.

(By permission, from the Gardener's Magazine.)

ONE of the most useful of modern improvements in the management of horticultural exhibitions is the introduction of what are usually designated "floral decorations for the dinner-table," but which, in reality, comprise decorations suited to many other purposes. The competitions resulting from the invitations given have had a marked effect on the taste displayed at home in the employment of flowers as embellishments, and, to a certain extent, as necessary adjuncts to festivities and family gatherings. Much talent hitherto latent, or but rarely called into exercise, has been quickened into activity in public competitions, and many who would appreciate good teaching in matters of taste have benefited by the lessons offered there. Properly enough, the competitions have usually been amongst ladies only, and occasionally ladies have been appointed to determine the relative merits of the competitions, and award the prizes offered. In our visits to exhibitions, we have been deeply interested in watching the development of the art of decorating in this particular department of the economy of the Home of Taste, and it is with delightful satisfaction we have observed the steady improvement from year to year by which these exhibitions have been marked. When they were first instituted, many clumsy contrivances for the reception of fruit and flowers, and many ill-judged combinations of colours, were displayed; there was, indeed, for a time, a sort of indefinable want felt by many of some type or standard of perfection, which was in great part supplied when the Misses March made their *début*, and attained the highest honours at South Kensington, by means of what were immediately designated the "Marchion *épergnes*." The majority of all the favourite decorative contrivances have since that epoch in the history of the art partaken more or less of the same characters, and this for good reasons too. In the typical group there was a central vase of three tiers and two smaller vases of two tiers each, all of colourless glass, and of the simplest design, but in outlines and proportions truthful and elegant. Many variations on this style of decoration have been made with more or less success, but still it everywhere and always has the best chance provided the furnishing is well done, for on that it depends as much as on the design, save and except in so far as the graceful outlines and adaptability of the vases to the purposes they are designed to serve secure a favourable acceptance. Perhaps we should give the next place to the *plateau*, the favourite form of which is first a circular dish of polished silver, or of silvered glass with silver rim and feet, with a group of small glass cornucopie, or convolvulus-shaped vases, in the centre. This form is well adapted for the display of a group of fruit, but less so for flowers, because we look down upon it; and handsome fruit placed below the eye pleases more effectually than flowers in a like position. When we have a series of vases lifted up, as in the case of the vases figured on page 185, the graceful forms as well as the varied colours of leaves and flowers are effectually brought out, especially because of the free play of light amongst and through them; but the lower dish or tazza may be filled with fruit, and indeed fruit may be mingled with leaves and flowers all through with a most pleasing effect, provided only that the work is well done. Many elaborate and costly contrivances in metal and prismatic glass have been brought into use for the decoration of the table, but the simple glass stem, expanding into simple glass tazzas or vases, has enjoyed distinctive favour wherever it has been ably presented as to dressing, for the simple reason that in this matter simplicity is desirable, and complication objectionable; and as to colour, usually bright metals, bronze, prismatic glass, &c., and other pronounced materials, make too great a demand on the eye, and fix the attention on what does not interest deeply, at the expense of the flowers, which interest all alike from first to last. A moment's consideration of the conditions requisite to success will afford the key to the success of colourless glass—and the simplest designs over the most costly, and perhaps, as to their intrinsic merit apart from the circumstances of the case—elegant contrivances.

A dinner-table is intended chiefly for the enjoyment of those who sit at it, and should never be made an occasion for ostentatious display of plate or cumbersome ornaments. One of the charms of a good dinner is agreeable conversation; we cannot enjoy a meal that is eaten in dead

silence. Now, the more heavily weighted the table is with plate or with massive ornaments, the more are the guests oppressed by grandeur and awed into silence. For every necessary purpose of the feast there can be nothing too good. The precious metals are better than crockery for the reception of the viands, and crockery is better than pewter or wood. But there is a point at which to cease in the employment of costly furniture, and we certainly reach it when we begin to enrich the scene with fruits and flowers. These claim admiration on their own account, and require only to be placed in elegant receptacles in an elegant manner, so as to be seen from all points, so as to offer no obstruction to the interchange of words and glances across the table, and so as not to overweigh or oppress the social light that belongs to the scene, and which is so easily crushed by excess of grandeur, or much more display of any kind than is appropriate to the place and the persons assembled. The light, simple, elegant vases of white glass fulfil these conditions admirably when skilfully furnished, and even if poorly furnished are often to be preferred to the more elaborate and costly products of the metallurgist, because their very unobtrusiveness is favourable to ease and sociality. It must not be supposed, however, that we intend to utter a general condemnation of ornaments in metal. It matters not what the material may be, or, indeed, if a variety of materials are combined together, provided the requirements of the case are complied with. At a grand dinner we expect to see grand decorations, such as at a humbler table would be extravagant or, perhaps, absurd; but the comfort of the guests is the matter of primary importance, and the embellishments of the table are to be adapted to that end; the guests are not to be adapted to the decorations. When two friends happen to be placed on opposite sides of a table, with a large urn stuffed full of artificial flowers in the shape of a gigantic cauliflower, and they have painfully to bob their heads right and left to catch the merest glimpses of the extreme outside edges of each other's physiognomies, they are apt to curse the gay cauliflower and its sumptuous receptacle, instead of giving God thanks for their happy meeting and their well-spread table; or, if less profane, will certainly entertain undesirable notions as to the notions of their host in matters of taste and propriety. *The chief adornments of a dinner-table are the guests assembled.* Let that be remembered for ever and ever. The wealth of Croesus might just as well be flung into the sea for the distraction of the fishes as be employed in overloading the table whereto his guests have assembled, not so much to be convinced of his wealth and grandeur as to see each other, and do justice to his hospitality by enjoying it. For the present, this perhaps will be enough on the general requirements of dinner-table decorations.

In furnishing vases, plateaux, and other contrivances, a certain richness of effect should be aimed at, but with the softening aid of a certain happy ease and negligence. It is impossible to represent with proper effect examples of good grouping without the aid of colour, but such as black and white will do has been done in the sketches which appear on page 185. Let us again take up the story of the requirements. As we are to sit for some time at the table, and may frequently look at the decorations, perhaps even talk about them, the more choice and beautiful the flowers and fruits the better. A good effect in the whole grouping is undoubtedly the matter of highest importance. Needs tasteful groups are to be preferred to orchids clumsily heaped up, and if it were thrust upon us. But given a couple of vases equally tasteful as to arrangement, one filled with the commonest flowers of the field or garden, the other with rare and costly flowers, the last must have our preference certainly. We require, in the first place, a good general effect; for these decorations constitute a part of the *visible welcome* which a table spread for dinner should offer in every one of its several features. But when we have been seated long enough to take notice of the sorts of flowers and fruits that are grouped in the *épergnes*, the more individual beauty and interest we find amongst them the better. As to suitable subjects, to enumerate them is impossible; their name is Legion. But almost anything and everything that the garden or the field will furnish may be employed, provided the decorator has the taste and judgment requisite for the task. We have seen such things as hollyhocks and dahlias, which, in truth, are "lumping" flowers for this sort of work, employed with the best effect; and we have seen delicate grasses and fuchsias, which are prominently adapted to the purpose, so badly set up as to have no grace at all, but rather as if to hint to us that an angel, when its wings are crumpled, is but a chubby boy after all—perhaps a clumsy one of his sort. We must, as a rule, be content with what the season and our resources place at our command; but in selecting from our stores, whether they be great or small, a few more of the requirements of the case must be kept in view. Let us once more return to first principles.

In the majority of cases the vases are fitted by daylight, but are to be seen by artificial light, whether of gas, candles, or what else. The particular light under which they are to be displayed is a consideration of the first importance. Usually delicate shades of lilac, such as we have in the Chinese primula, have the appearance of dirty white by artificial light; some shades of blue, such as we have in plumbago *capensis*, change to a washed-out slate; and all yellows, from deepest orange to palest primrose, undergo considerable change, rarely for the better. White and most shades of red are least influenced by the quality of the light, and if duly proportioned with shades of green the grouping may be rendered at once rich, varied, fresh, and pleasing. The experienced artist will at times use almost anything, and all will be right in the end; for the worst colours may be improved by skilful association, as the best may be made obnoxious by excess or injudicious combinations. Suppose in the case of Mrs. Smith's decoration (see illustration) it is winter time, and we cannot have fuchsias for the effect required. We can have the crimson tubes of *thysanotus rutilans* instead, and in all nature we can scarcely find a better subject to trim the edge of the central tazza with pendant flowers of the best possible colour for arti-

ficial light. All roses of every kind look well at night. Geraniums of every kind are equally fortunate, for they do not offer us any blue or yellow tints that suffer change by artificial light. Speaking generally, orchids of all kinds are suitable; sprigs of heath and epacris are admirable. Strange to say, the lovely many flowers of *justicia speciosa* change to a rich bright crimson under gaslight, and some cinerarias of a navy cast, especially if edged with white, come out well. As a rule, beware of blues and yellows of every shade, and of the colours into which they enter largely, as orange and purple, or your best daylight work may be poor indeed when placed beneath the treacherous gaslight.

Systematic colouring is rarely satisfactory; for even if good of its kind—which, by the way, it is not likely to be, because these contrivances do not afford space for the development of anything like a pattern in colours—must fail in the end, because it will weary. Sometimes we see a group of *épergnes* carefully coloured in circles of red, white, and blue, with regular dottings of green and fern fronds, severely regular, to finish the edges with. They make one dreary after the first five minutes; they are like the bedding system *reductio ad absurdum*. Symmetry is desirable, but that is possible with a certain happy ease and elegance. Nature is symmetrical, but rarely will her best-balanced works bear the test of rule and compasses. The sharply-coloured diapers or mosaics of this sort call to mind Pope's burlesque of the precise verse-makers:—

"Whene'er you hear the cooling western breeze,
In the next line it whispers through the trees."

If sharp rings of colour are all we want, paper, calico, or any other cheap and gaudy stuff will answer as well as flowers; and, in fact, a good Chinese lantern with a rush-light in it would please a tasteful eye much more than an *épergne* filled with circles or divisions of two or three of the most powerfully-contrasted colours. Good *mischies* should be the aim, but there must be symmetry in some sort, and the colours must have the relief of a sufficient amount of green. The introduction of green in proper quantity and in proper form is a most important matter. Bits of lycopodium and maiden-hair fern are sure to be appropriate. Small leaves of many kinds may be used with advantage. Variegated leaves are frequently useful, but we must beware of such as are coarse, or which have a sepulchral air by gaslight, as may happen with leaves of begonia, *cissus*, *amaranthus*, and *coleus*. Many of the lighter kinds of wild garden grasses may be used with great effect. We shall never forget how Mrs. Cutbush once charmed a thousand people at an exhibition at Highgate by trimming the edge of a topmost vase of a *Marchion* stand with the vivid green of *Isoplepis gracilis*, forming a fringe of fairy tassels to a glorious assortment of leaves and flowers. Nor shall we soon forget how Mrs. Saunders—(see illustration)—at the first display of dinner decorations at Taunton, achieved an artistic triumph by preparing first a series of groups of exceedingly rich flowers, and then subduing and harmonising their colours by means of a green lace of fronds of *adiantum cuneatum* gently laid over them. We might, indeed, draw upon our memory for hundreds of instances; for we have had to judge these things officially so often, that the habit of analysing effect has become a sort of second nature. But we will be content to say that the somewhat heavy head-piece of Mrs. Taylor's stand, as it appears in our engraving, was in reality one of the most successful examples of green filigree work we have seen, and it consisted chiefly of lycopodiums.

There is yet another matter of some importance. It is that the flowers are required to last some time; if they fall to pieces before the feast is over, it is matter for regret, and may be evidence of defective work in the first instance. The subjects should so far as possible be selected, not only for their fitness as to form and colour, but as to capabilities of endurance. The lovely and delicate *spirea japonica*, which looks too frail for enduring the heat of a dining-room for an hour, will wear out the longest night and still look fresh. The stoutest leaves of *caladium* that can be found will begin to look flaccid, perhaps will actually shrivel, in an hour or two in a dry atmosphere. Perhaps as much depends upon the mode of setting up the flowers as upon their relative texture and powers of endurance. Those that have been carefully cut with a knife will last longer than those the stems of which have been mangled by rude finger-nails, or even with scissors; for crushed vessels cannot take up moisture so effectually as those that have been cleanly severed. It is, of course, desirable that all leaves and flowers should be somehow in contact with water; yet, when fruit and flowers are mingled in the same dish, that is impossible. Then thick-leaved or hard-leaved subjects should have the preference, as they can better endure the tax of evaporation than those of a papery or tissue texture. Something may be done, however, to assist the fragile candidates. Take a frond of maiden-hair, dip it in water, gently shake it, so that it appears dry, and, whether placed with its stem in water or not, it will last out twice as long in a hot room as a frond from the very same plant that was not so dipped. There is no mystery in the matter. There is a certain amount of moisture, the result of the dipping, entangled in the texture, especially about the margins of the pinules, which assists to preserve its freshness; in this we have the explanation of the fact. Generally speaking, dipping is not necessary, but it is well to bear in mind that, when our work is likely to be severely tried, we have this resource to aid it.

There are many more points that might be dwelt upon, but we must be content to mention only one, and that is, that flowers which emit agreeable odours or that are quite destitute of fragrance are to be preferred to such as offend the nostrils. Some odours are agreeable to some persons and obnoxious to others. No one, we suppose, could endure the putrid-meat-like smell of *stapelia*; and, fortunately, though extremely beautiful, their purple and brown tints are quite unfit for decorative purposes; but the *chrysanthemum* is a fair example of the detestable flower, which must be used with caution, because to some olfactories it is agreeable and to others otherwise. Recurring to the subject of colour, and remembering that in November, when *chrysanthemums* are at their best, other

flowers are scarce, the temptation to use them at that season is great, because, as a rule, they look well by gas-light. But it is possible for someone placed near a group of these most useful flowers to be very unhappy by reason of their peculiar odour; and as our duty is to make our guests happy, we had better abstain altogether from the introduction of flowers to the table than gratify any whim of our own in so unchristian a manner as that which inflicts pain, however slight, upon a friend.

O, the offence is rank, it smells to heaven.

The figures which accompany this paper are engraved from photographs kindly furnished by P. Taylor, Esq., of Taunton. They represent respectively decorations exhibited at the last Taunton flower show by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Taylor. They were so effective that we selected them as suitable for illustration, but we must confess that our best efforts for their reproduction in this form fall far short of the success we had hoped for; indeed, it is impossible to photograph these things correctly. The lightest and brightest vegetable tracery comes out coarse and distorted. Mrs. Taylor's decoration comprised a silver plateau with stem surmounted by a vase, and with cornucopie on each side at the base.

The Romance of Flowers.

COMPILED BY GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

PART III.

THE TULIP.—What can form a greater contrast to the pure lily, than the gaudy, proud, ungraceful tulip? But though common consent has made the tulip the emblem of pride with us, in the glowing East, where its colours only partake of the gorgeousness of surrounding nature, and the beams of a warmer sun foster a luxurious taste among the inhabitants, the lover presents it to his mistress as a declaration of ardent love. And upon closer inspection what but a butterfly's wing or a hummingbird's plumage, which some poet has called the living gem of the spring garden, is more beautiful than the richly glowing colours whose velvet softness blends or contrasts in marvellous splendour.

The name of the tulip, derived from the Turkish, signifies a turban, which it is thought to resemble.

The mania for Dutch tulips which once prevailed, and the fabulous prices given for roots, are facts so well-known as not to need recitation here. The bankruptcy and ruin of many families in France and Holland were caused by a flower which may be found growing wild near Smyrna. Betting on seedlings also was carried on to as great an extent as any modern jockey could desire on his favourite; and for a time the tulip became the rival of the turf. It will be sufficient to add that twelve acres of land have been exchanged for a root, and as much as 5,000*l.* expended upon a tulip. Many were disposed of by lottery.

There is a story told of a poor sailor who chanced to get a costlier meal for breakfast than Cleopatra prepared for Anthony when she dissolved pearls in vinegar for his salad. Having carried a parcel to a Dutch merchant he received a herring for his pains, and seeing some tulip roots lying near, which he mistook for onions, he ate them as a relish with his fish. We might quote Crabbe and say:—

"With all his phlegm, it broke a Dutchman's heart."

The government found it necessary at last to suppress the floral mania.

The tulip is greatly esteemed among the Turks, who, without ruining themselves by purchasing unique specimens, give it poetical honour by an annual feast, not unlike the Chinese feast of lanterns. The feast of tulips is celebrated in the Grand Segnior's gardens, and is thus described by the lord pen of Henry Phillips, as "surpassing the fairy scenes of the Arabian Nights Tales":—

"Vases of the purest crystal, filled with the gayest tulips the world produces, are scattered over the scene, like the stars which look down upon them for number; galleries, amphitheatres, and pagodas are erected, and covered with lights that form garlands of emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds, entwined with lights that present to the imagination the sparkling of every jewel which nature has produced or art polished; showers of rosewater refresh the air, and the very tapers shed the most exquisite colours; the banks are covered with carpets whose colours are as vivid as the clouds which surround the setting sun; pyramids of cooling fruits meet the eye at every turn; whilst innumerable birds of song, whose golden cages are suspended by strings of pearl, seem to mistake the scene for the arrival of Phebus, and being awake by the delights of the feast, mix their warbling with the melodious sounds of the instruments, which seem touched by invisible musicians."

"In the centre of the seraglio a splendid pavilion shades the sultan, who carelessly reposes on the skins of his most costly and curious animals, with all the nobles of his court in their richest robes and shawls, seated at his feet to behold the winding dances of the lovely women of his court, in all the luxurious display of their light and sparkling attire, who sometimes enfile and at others glide round the sultan, whose beauty they celebrate in song and action. During these festivals Cupid often urges his votaries to dare the bowstring of the sultan, by making a sighing Selim present a tulip to a languishing Fatima."

THE NARCISSUS.—Though the tulip is unmentioned by the ancients, the delicate narcissus, which now claims our attention, is celebrated by their poets as a beautiful youth, who, having the audacity to prefer his own reflection in the water to the charms of the fair Echo, was punished for his vanity by this transformation. Although his punishment is very old-fashioned, his fault, as related by Ovid, seems by no means out of vogue now-a-days.

For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.

Throughout Europe this flower is known by the same name, and is still emblematical of egotism and self-love. It is supposed to possess a narcotic quality.

Bulbs of the polyanthus narcissus, called by the Chinese, *shuey seen fa*, are sent from Chinchow to Canton every year to remain whilst flowering; they are used for religious purposes at the New Year.

Proserpine was gathering daffodils (a species of narcissus, also called "Leont. lilies," when she was so roughly seized by Pluto. Ovid thus exquisitely describes her:—

Here while young Proserpine amongst the maids,
Diverts herself in these delicious shades
While like a child, with busy pleasure and care,
She gathers lilies here, and violets there;
Whilst first to fill her little lap she strives,
Hell's grisly monarch at the shade arrives,
Sees her thus sporting on the flow'ry green,
And loves the blooming maid as soon as seen.

—*Magnifying's Trans.*

Shakespeare says,—

O Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now that from thee spring,
Thou'lt set'st fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils
That come before the swallow's darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

The following lines are from the pen of Keats:—

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst thereof a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool.
The blue sky here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril leaves fantastically creeping,
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower with nought of pride;
Drooping its beauty o'er the wat'ry clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness.
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings of his tale he told;
Nor was it long ere he had Echo's tale
Of young Narcissus and sad Echo's bale.

(To be continued.)

Home Employment and Embellishments.

CORK WORK.

TO those of our readers who have never seen or even heard of the beautiful and curious articles of ornament produced from common cork, the title of this paper will bring no very great promise of interest. But by the more favoured ones, who have somewhere seen, either at home or abroad, the exquisite models of celebrated ruins, churches, tombs, monuments, castles, and cottages, made entirely from this material, a few simple directions for the work will be welcomed with eagerness.

A gentleman of high cultivation, known to the writer, has given much time and attention to this art, and has now in his own drawing-room some very perfect specimens of his successful handiwork. One is a model of the ruins of the Coliseum, perfect in all its detail and proportion, with its broken and crumbling walls well represented by the inequalities and natural roughness of the cork itself. The extreme width of the model is about ten inches, and height about six, with the remains of columns, arches, windows, galleries, &c., all accurate copies of the original. A little green moss has been neatly gummed on, and adds much to the effect, as it represents the ivy and other creeping vines said to be now growing over the decaying walls of the great ruin itself.

Another equally beautiful model which the same artist has completed is Melrose Abbey, with its traceried windows and broken walls.

And still another, quite different, more simple, but very beautiful and striking, is the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, with an effigy of the knight in armour reposing on the top. Many others equally wonderful have been produced by the same ingenious and tasteful artist; and he is now engaged upon an elaborate miniature model of Windsor Castle, which, when completed, will be the greatest work of all.

In this art models or pictures of the subjects chosen, assisted perhaps by descriptions of the proportions and parts, are sufficient guides. But to the beginner we would recommend the simplest subjects; a rustic cottage, bridge, or perhaps a rural church, will be the best for practice. When a certain amount of proficiency has been attained, it will be no great matter to advance to higher themes, until by gradual steps the most elaborate designs may be attempted without fear of failure.

In this study no tools are required except a sharp pen-knife and a glue-pot. The waste and refuse pieces of common cork will all be of use; but for the walls of buildings the cork cut from the block into sheets will be most desirable, and can be procured from the importers or cork-cutters.

We will suppose that the model chosen by the beginner is a rural church, with Gothic windows and tapering spire. The first thing will be to decide on the size; say nine inches in length, and about four and a half in width, with the windows and spire accurately proportioned. The cork for the side walls must be cut first into pieces as large as the block or sheet will allow, making the edges smooth and square. If it is too small for the entire side wall, piece it out with the fragments, joining them neatly together with thin glue.

The proper thickness for the cork used in the walls is about one-half or even one-quarter of an inch, and the smoothest cork should always be chosen for this work. When the required size has been obtained, square it smoothly to the shape called for, having the two side walls exactly alike. Next mark out with a black-lead pencil the shapes of the windows, and then cut them with a pen-knife, making the opening smaller on the inner side, but slanting outwardly; especially in the sill the slope is very considerable, and in Gothic windows should never be flat or square.

For the moulding around the windows cut out small rims of cork, as nearly as possible like your pattern, and glue them on at a proper distance from the outer edges; the glass is to be formed of thin sheets of mica, glued on the inside, and the tracery for the tops of the windows can be formed of tiny shavings of cork cut out by pattern, and glued in place upon the mica. Any architectural drawing of this style of building will be a sufficient guide. The appearance of stained glass can be given by gumming dark crimson paper on the inside over the mica.

The gables are next prepared in like manner, with doors, triplet windows, &c., as the pattern may require.

When the walls are ready to be joined, a small board, neatly covered with green cloth or baize, will be the most suitable base on which to mount it. The four walls may now be set up and joined with glue; or if not sufficiently firm, small splints of wood, shaven so as to fit into the inner corners, will be of service to strengthen and support the edifice. The roof comes next, and can be made either of smooth, seasoned wood, about a sixteenth of an inch thick, or of bookbinder's board; the former is, however, the better of the two. Cut the board large enough to extend well over the edges of the walls, so as to form eaves; glue one side firmly along the gable ends, and then fit the peak of the other side, and fasten it in like manner. A roof with a high pitch adds much to the tasteful appearance of a rustic church, and will therefore be found most desirable in the cork model.

If there is to be a steeple, the tower or base of the spire should be formed of small pieces cut so as to fit the slopes of the roof, and built up in the same way that a mason joins bricks or square blocks in a wall. When it is square and flat on top, and just above the peak of the roof, the tapering spire should start from this foundation, with a round or eight-sided piece of cork, whose four opposite sides are exactly the size of the square base on which it is to be glued. This will form the first layer, and the next one must be of the same shape, but a trifle smaller; this, in turn, will be covered with another still less, and so on until it approaches a point.

It will be much better to form this spire separately from the tower, gluing each layer firmly into its place; when all are joined shave them carefully so as to form the proper slope, causing it to end in a graceful point; it may then be glued on to the base, and thus the main part of the design is completed. Common bottle corks of various sizes are best for spires and columns.

The outside ornaments—a cross or vane for the point of the spire, the buttresses, porches over the entrances, mouldings around the doors, eaves, &c.—may now be added; and, finally, the roof may be coloured with a little Vandyké brown or burnt umber, mixed either in turpentine or oil; a single coat will be sufficient, and if a rough appearance is desired a little fine sand may be dusted over while the oil paint is still wet.

In case no large sheets of cork are within reach, small pieces of waste cork can be used for the purpose by cutting them into square blocks of any size, only observing that they must fit smoothly on the edges; they can then be built up like mason-work with a little glue to join them. Be careful in all this work that the glue is not allowed to appear on the outside.

Corinthian columns are made by gluing together bottle corks until the proper height is obtained, and then carving with a sharp knife to imitate the fluted sides, with square blocks for the bases and capitals.

Another variety of cork-work is the landscape or picture style. In this fine shavings of the cork are used, being cut into shapes to represent a castle, a lighthouse with rocks near by, a bridge, perhaps, or whatever else may be chosen to form the design.

A little idea of perspective will be necessary, and the objects should be arranged and fastened with gum arabic on to a piece of white cardboard, and the sky slightly tinted in water-colours for a background. The irregular edges will increase the resemblance to distant hills, and sharp edges of thicker cork will represent the objects in the foreground.

When the picture is finished it can be framed and hung up, or used to ornament the lid of a fancy box or table-top, according to the taste or wish of the artist.

In these landscapes no attempt is made to imitate Nature in the variety of colours; the whole picture will wear the sombre shade of the cork itself, but the general effect is very pleasing notwithstanding, and the thin, rough shavings of the cork, showing the light background through the interstices, give a good idea of brown autumnal forests, when gracefully grouped in front or on the sides of the picture.

With these simple directions we trust many of our readers will be induced to attempt this new species of architecture and landscape scenery; and although, like all things that are worth doing at all, it may require considerable time and much patient experiment to insure perfect success, yet perseverance will at last be rewarded, with a result that will delight the eye of every visitor to their home.

It may not be generally known that cork is not indigenous, but is the soft, elastic bark of a species of oak that grows abundantly in the southern part of France, Spain, and Italy. When the tree is fifteen years old the barking is commenced, and is repeated at intervals of eight years, the bark improving with every operation. The cork is stripped from the tree in July and August; it is then piled up in water under heavy stones to flatten it, after which it is fire-dried and packed in bales for exportation. The cork-cutters divide the sheets of cork in narrow strips, and after cutting them the proper length, round them with a thin, sharp-bladed knife into a cylindrical form. Spanish black is prepared from the burned parings of cork; and suberic acid is obtained from it by the long-continued action of nitric acid. The cork-tree and the uses of its bark were known to the Greeks and Romans.

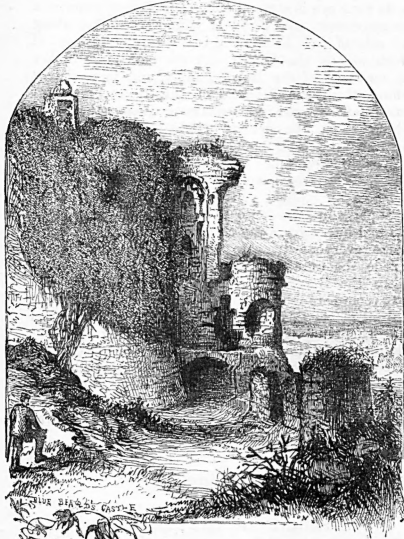
Mr. Sydney Hodges, who some years ago painted for Miss Barrett Counts Dr. Tait, when Bishop of London, has been selected by the committee of laymen to paint a full-length portrait of that prelate, which they are about to present to Fulham Palace.

Lessons for Ladies

ON PHOTOGRAPHIC COLOURING, MINIATURE PAINTING, ETC.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

HINTS FOR LANDSCAPE COLOURING.



THE following tables of colours, with which we will bring this series of lessons to a close, require no formal word of introduction. They have been compiled with care, and can scarcely fail, we think, to prove serviceable to the learner.

TABLE OF COLOURS FOR ROCKS.

Various, for Cold and Warm Effects.	Lake and lamp black.
Lamp black and French blue.	Payne's grey.
Lamp or blue black.	Brown madder and brown madder.
Light red and indigo.	Prussian blue and raw umber.
Indigo and Indian red.	Light red and yellow ochre.
Indigo, burnt sienna, and lake.	Indigo, Indian yellow, and burnt sienna.
Indigo, lake, and Indian yellow.	Brown madder.
Emerald green and lamp black.	Vandyke brown and lake.
French blue and burnt umber.	Sepia and purple madder.
	Brown pink, burnt sienna, &c., &c., &c.

TABLE OF COLOURS FOR TREES.

A variety of Greens for Foliage, from which to select.	Autumnal Tints, or for Glazings.
Gamboge and indigo.	Brown madder and gamboge.
Gamboge and sepia.	Raw sienna and rose madder.
Gamboge, burnt sienna, and indigo.	Burnt sienna.
Cobalt, gamboge, and madder pink.	Purple madder.
Lake, French blue, and Roman ochre.	Brown madder.
Black and Indian yellow.	Brown pink.
Brown pink, indigo, and lake.	Indian yellow.
Bistre and Prussian blue.	Indian yellow and Indian red.
Indian yellow, Prussian blue, and madder lake.	Cobalt and Italian pink.
Raw sienna, cobalt, and indigo.	For Stems and Branches.
Gamboge, brown pink, and indigo.	Lamp black and rose madder.
Olive green.	Lamp black.
Sepia and Prussian blue.	Payne's grey and light red.
Vandyke brown and indigo.	Indigo, lake, and yellow ochre.
Burnt sienna, indigo, and yellow ochre.	French blue and burnt sienna.
Indigo and yellow ochre.	Indian yellow, burnt sienna, and indigo.
Indigo, Indian yellow, and burnt sienna.	Vandyke brown.
	Brown madder.
	Sepia and purple madder.

TABLES OF COLOURS FOR FOREGROUNDS.

Greens, for Grass in Light and Shadow.	For Decayed Leaves in the Fore-ground.
Raw sienna and indigo.	Brown madder and burnt sienna.
Indigo and Indian yellow.	Brown madder, with gamboge.
Yellow ochre and indigo.	Brown pink.
Indigo and gamboge.	Burnt sienna.
Sepia and Prussian blue.	Burnt umber and burnt sienna.
Burnt sienna and indigo.	Gamboge and Vandyke brown.
Indigo, Indian yellow, and lake.	Madder brown.
Lake, yellow ochre, and indigo.	Rose madder and gamboge.
Sepia and gamboge.	

FOR BANKS AND ROADS.

Chiefly for the General Wash.	For Darker Passages and for Shadows.
Light red and yellow ochre.	Lamp black and burnt sienna.
Yellow ochre.	Lamp black and rose madder.
Burnt sienna.	French blue, Indian red, and raw sienna.
Sepia.	Payne's grey.
Vandyke brown.	Purple madder.
Purple madder.	Indigo and light red.
Indian red and yellow ochre.	

FOR BUILDINGS.

Bricks or Tiles in Shadow.	Payne's grey and burnt sienna.
Brown or purple madder and burnt sienna.	For Slate.
Vandyke brown, French blue, and purple madder.	Lamp black.
Indigo and Indian red.	Lake, indigo, and raw sienna.
Lamp black and Indian red or lake.	Sepia, indigo, and lake.
For Wood.	Payne's grey.
Lamp black and yellow ochre.	For Thatch.
Light red and cobalt.	Brown madder and yellow ochre.
Light red and indigo.	Sepia.
Sepia or Vandyke brown.	Sepia and yellow ochre.
Raw or burnt umber.	Vandyke brown.
Brown madder and French blue.	Lake and indigo.
	Purple or brown madder.

(CONCLUDED.)

Theatres and Amusements.

DRURY LANE.—King Lear.—The King's Musketeers. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—Raising the Wind.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Home—Rural Felicity. Seven.
ADELPHI.—A Day's Fishing.—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Dead Heart. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—The Secret.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Marie Antoinette.—A Cup of Tea. Seven.
LYCERN.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Life for Life.—Ballet. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Paper Wings.—The Yellow Passport. Seven.
GLOBE.—A Happy Family.—(At Half-past Seven) Cyril's Success.—Brown and the Brahmins. Seven.
STRAND.—A Widow Hunt.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold.—Blue and Purple. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Winning Hazard.—(At Eight) School—Intrigue. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—A Race for a Dinner—Not Guilty.—The Birthplace of Podge. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—A Loving Cup.—(At Nine) Claude Duval—Family Jars. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—Blow for Blow—Lucretia Borgia, M.D. Seven.
GAIETY.—The Two Harlequins.—(At a Quarter to Eight) On the Cards.—Robert Le Diable.—Two Ballets. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena, and other Entertainments. Half-past Seven. Morning Performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels; thirty-five performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.
MADAME TOUSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MARCH 21. SUNDAY.—Palm Sunday.	
" 22. MONDAY.—Goethe died, 1832.	
" 23. TUESDAY.—Twilight ends 8.12 P.M.	
" 24. WEDNESDAY.—Sun sets 6.17 P.M.	
" 25. THURSDAY.—Lady-day.	
" 26. FRIDAY.—Good Friday.	
" 27. SATURDAY.—Full moon 9.33 P.M.	

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* All Subscriptions payable in advance, by Post-office Order (on Fleet-street), to William Freeman, Publisher, 102, Fleet-street, London. ALL communications intended for the Editors should be addressed to him at the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet-street, E.C.

* In our next number will be commenced a new novel of great domestic interest; and our notices of new music will be resumed. We have also several illustrated articles in preparation, and hope to be able to announce them at an early date.

MAR.—Middle. Riego has, we believe, published a book on the subject. We will inquire for you.
NABAD (Stoke-on-Trent).—Received too late for this week, but shall be answered fully in our next. We go to press on Wednesday.

X. Y.—It is an ugly practice, according to our notion, to let the nails grow until they lengthen into claws. It was, however, a fashion in France during the reign of Louis XIV. to cultivate a great length of the nail of the little finger of the hand, and this was for the purpose of being able to scratch at a door, which every visitor was expected to do, instead of knocking, when wishing to gain admittance to a fashionable friend. Moliere speaks of "l'ongle long" that the marquis of his day "porte au petit doigt"—that is, of the long nail worn at the end of the little finger.

RETTA.—To make a loose sacque wrapper, cut plain sacque fronts reaching to the knee. A width of calico is required for each front. If the skirt is too narrow, a small sloped piece will be added. The back requires two widths also, but is shaped to the figure at the centre seam. Add to the bottom a broad flounce, not full, only six widths usually, but deep enough to make the skirt the proper length. An inch-wide tuck covers the front seam. Coat-sleeves. Half of the sacque wrapper will serve as a guide to the shape of the circular wrapper. Lay width of the calico straight on the front of the wrapper, from neck to edge of skirt, and shape it at the neck, shoulders, and edge by the outlines of the sacque wrapper. Add another width and part of a third in the same manner, when the whole garment will be obtained. The bias in the back is bias, but not sloped to the figure. This wrapper is made without a flounce.

KATHLEEN (Cambridge).—Why not have written direct to the publisher? The price of the book is 6s.
MRS. C. (Durham).—Thanks for your offer. We are always glad to receive good, tried receipts. Those for toilet requisites would doubtless be useful.

PETITE (Upper Clapton).—A cold spring is succeeding to a mild winter, and the consequence is, no great change is as yet discernible in walking toilets. The double-skirted looped-up dress of silk, or fancy material, is worn with the tight-fitting paillet, and very wide sash, arranged into a large bow at the back. A new style of sash called ceinture cascade falls in an abundance of loops of ribbon, with fringed lappets of wide ribbon. The fringe is formed by unravelling the ends of the ribbon.

MOGGY (Leyton).—In our "Ladies' Garden" this week you will find some good practical advice on the matter. If the recommendations are not sufficiently explicit, write to us again, and we will endeavour to render you further assistance.

TRUE BLUE (Richmond).—You will find the receipt for "Angel" pudding by reference to your back numbers. The "Cardigan" pudding is made as follows: Stir four spoonfuls of flour into a pint of raw milk, mixing it very smooth. Beat together the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of three, and a dessert-spoonful of nouveau; then add the milk and flour; beat it well for half an hour, put it into a buttered basin, and boil it for one hour and twenty minutes. Serve with wine sauce.

J. J. (Mildmay-park).—In our next number if possible.

Our Exchange Column.

We again print the "regulations" of this department for the benefit of new subscribers:—

1. All letters for this column should be marked outside the envelope with the word "Exchange," and addressed to the Editor, at 102, Fleet-street. No charge whatever is made for the use of the "Exchange."
2. Advertisements should be clearly written, and should be worded as briefly as possible. The "Exchange Column" being for the convenience of private persons, and only for the exchange of fancy articles, works of art, &c., wearing apparel, whether old or new, is excluded; nor can any article for sale be announced.
3. Writers not wishing their names to appear in print may adopt any pseudonym they please for publication; but it is absolutely necessary, to prevent deception or mistake, and to facilitate the forwarding of letters, that the real name and address should in all cases be communicated to the Editor, and the pseudonym once adopted by the writer consistently adhered to.
4. Every letter intended to be forwarded must be sent, under cover, to the Editor, properly stamped, and with the pseudonym of the writer as well as that of the person for whom the packet is intended, clearly written at the top of the envelope.
5. No weighty parcels of any kind are to be sent to the office of the paper; nothing but stamps, crests, and such things as can be conveniently enclosed in envelopes. In all other cases, the names and addresses of contributors must be ascertained, that the packets may be sent direct.

I AM in want of a copy of musical significations, and will give pieces or songs in exchange.—CONFIRMATION.

I WISH for a pair of bronze candelabra for dining-room. Please state values.—TINY (Victoria-park).

I AM still open to make exchanges for some pretty dried grasses for vases. I can offer music, autographs, books, &c., and many other things.—DOT.

I AM in want of a pretty carved ivory brooch and earrings, and Mrs. Palliser's "History of Love." Can give other personal ornaments and books in exchange.—KITTY.

I HAVE a very handsome liver and white spaniel, eleven months old. Wanted a well-bred retriever dog at out six months old.—LIVER.

I WANT about fifteen yards of white Maltese insertion, not less than three inches wide. Can offer many useful things.—JEANETTE.

I AM in want of the "Water Babies" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Will give other books of equal value.—SCHOOL-GIRL.

MY wants are a pair of pretty gilt brackets, and the Art Union's "May Queen." State values.—PATRICK.

I WANT like to exchange sheet for bound music, and will send list to anyone addressing LIZZIE.

We have forwarded letters to "Brunette" and "Musica."

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

JUST as we are going to press, the result of the great rowing match of the year is made known by telegraph, and ere this reaches the hands of our readers, London will have lost the severe fit of the "blues" from which it has been suffering for the last few weeks, and will have resumed, to the best of its ability, its old humdrum, steady-going business ways. We have but space to add—nor is it necessary indeed that we should do more, as all who care for details will have read them in the dailies before many hours,—that the race was a sharply contested one, but that Oxford again triumphed.

In another column we give the latest telegraphic news of the movements of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, but this is too meagre to be of any interest beyond assuring us of the safety of the royal tourists, and we therefore can but turn with satisfaction to the long letter published in the *Times* of Wednesday, from its special correspondent in Egypt. After reciting the adventures of the previous week, the writer carries us with him to the 22nd ult., a red-letter day in the journey, though one of small misadventures and of considerable fatigue and toil for Prince and Princess. It was arranged, it seems, that her Royal Highness should proceed in a boat as far as the foot of the First Cataract, about three miles above Assouan, where donkeys were to be in waiting in charge of Abd-el-Kader, the Viceroy's Aide-de-Camp, while the Prince and party, in a light boat, went to the diabeah of Lady Duff Gordon, which lay a couple of miles above the mooring-place of the fleet, to pay her a visit. The Nile above Assouan breaks into several streams, and meanders through rocky, barren islands of sandstone and granite. The Princess, who was attended by the Duke of Sutherland, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Lord Carington, and Colonel Marshall, went after his Royal Highness had started in a heavy native boat, under a glaring sun, took a wrong branch of the river, and came to a bank of loose, deep sand drifted on to a bed of craggy, glistening rocks. The Prince, after his visit to Lady Duff Gordon, went on to another point below the Cataract, and landed on a place exactly similar, physically and geologically; but where were the Princess and her party? Abd-el-Kader, who had posted far-seeing Arabs on the rocks, was in despair at the news that the Princess's boat was ascending another channel. He dashed round with his corps of donkey boys to meet the Princess at a place

to which the boat appeared to be bound, sending the camels by a long detour, as they could not make way by the rocky banks of the river, but when the asses arrived the Princess was not visible. By some lucky accident two very wretched donkeys were espied near the spot where the Princess landed. They had neither saddle nor bridle, but on the back of each was a pad without girths, and on these animals the Princess of Wales and the Hon. Mrs. Grey (who was favoured by two wooden bars in front and rear of the pad) had to poise themselves, and to plod under a burning sun towards Philæ. As there were no other asses to be found, the Duke of Sutherland, Colonel Teesdale, Colonel Marshall, Lord Carington, Captain Ellis, Prince Louis, Mr. Brierly, and Captain Achmet Hassan were obliged to trudge on foot for some three miles or so in the heat over a piece of territory which was enough to make a man sigh for a day's climbing in a deer forest—sand into which the foot sank over the ankle at every step alternating with rocky ridges and scattered stones and boulders. The Princess laughed at her novel situation and appeared to enjoy the newly-found property of balancing herself on a pad without any girths to keep it in its place with intense lightheartedness. In an hour or so they came up with the Prince and Sir S. Baker, who had a small experience of the pleasures of the day, having waited for their donkeys for an hour and a-half, and the whole party, now provided with animals, enjoyed the wonderful performance of the Arabs, who swam down the boiling current of the First Cataract for the benefit of the tourist in the hope of "backsheesh." While the Prince and Princess were continuing their ride over parched desert sands towards the green patch of trees which marks the site of Philæ from afar, the rest of the party, consisting of Lord Stafford, Lord A.L. Gover, Col. Stanton, Major Alison, the Hon. O. Montague, Mr. Sumner, and Sir H. Pelly arrived at the little village below the island. There, under the foot, but not the shade, of two castle-like crags of rock, was found pitched a large tent in three compartments, handsomely carpeted, a dinner tent capable of receiving forty guests, and a couple of tents for the accommodation of the servants. The Royal party came not, however, and hour after hour passed away amid the increasing uneasiness of the advanced guard, and, just as they had taken boat again and were returning to the opposite bank, the loud shrill cry of joy of the Nubian women was heard, and a group of donkeys, among whom the Prince and Princess of Wales and Mrs. Grey soon became discernible in the rays of the declining sun, came in sight, making their way towards the landing-place of the ferry-boat—a rough slope, through a field of pulse. The visit of the Royal party to the ruins of Philæ was limited, of course, by the want of daylight. On their return to the encampment, after a short delay, dinner was served in the large tent, in which a long table was laid out very prettily. The Prince took his place, the centre seat on the left, Her Royal Highness facing him; and all the members of his suite and the Duke of Sutherland and his party met at this farewell banquet provided by his Grace.

Some time ago, it may be remembered, we referred to the case of a lady who, having insured her life, kept up the payments to the office for nearly a score of years, when she died somewhat suddenly. To the surprise of her relations, the validity of the policy was disputed, and on the delicate ground that the lady had misstated her age. On careful inquiry it was found that the deceased had really understated her age by some half-dozen years, and the upshot was that the company, which might have declined to pay anything, took the more liberal view of the matter, and simply deducted from the sum insured the extra premium that the lady should have paid, with compound interest, from the date of issuing the policy. Another important question, though of a different kind, came before the Lords Justices on Saturday. It seems that in the summer of 1863, Mr. John Bird, a gentleman residing at Aberdare, insured his life with the British Equitable Assurance Company for 500*l*. He was reported by the company's medical officer to be a first-class subject. His policy was not delivered to him till September, 1863, and it was stipulated that if any change in his health occurred before the delivery he was to communicate that fact to the company. In the meantime he did, for some reason or other, become alarmed about his health, and consulted a Dr. White, who told him that he was suffering from Bright's disease. He did not tell the company of this fact, and on the 28th of May in the following year, he died suddenly, not, however, from the disease which Dr. White considered he had discovered, and which Mr. Bird's usual medical attendant denied that he had, but from fatty degeneration of the heart (he was a very corpulent man). At the inquest, however, his wife stated that he had suffered from heart disease for two years, and this fact, though their own medical officer had failed to find it out, coming to the knowledge of the company, they refused to pay the 500*l*. The Great Western Company had in the meantime become possessed of the policy by deed of assignment, and they took proceedings to recover before Vice-

Chancellor Malins, whose decision was in favour of the insurance company. This decision was appealed from, and on Saturday the Lords Justices gave judgment. Their lordships held that whether Dr. White or the other doctor was right as to the disease which Dr. White said Mr. Bird suffered from was not material, because it had been shown that Mr. Bird knew he was unwell when he insured, and kept back the knowledge from the company. The appeal must therefore be dismissed with costs.

We elsewhere refer in brief to the horrible disclosures on the trial just brought to a conclusion at the Assizes of Montauban, but the matter is really of too much importance to be dismissed in half a dozen lines, proving as it would seem to do that infanticide is greatly on the increase in France as well as this country. The details of the trial indeed exhibit a social depravity hardly ever surpassed in the annals of crime. The leading criminal in this horrible affair was the woman named Delpech, whose principal occupation seemed to be murdering little children, confided to her at their birth or soon afterwards. She had carried on her trade for some years, when the suspicions of the police were aroused. A search was made in her house, and it led to the discovery of the skeletons, and in some cases only a few bones, of her victims, and she and some of her accomplices before and after the fact were taken into custody and brought to trial. She made a full avowal, and not only did she not profess any compunction for what she had done, but laughed several times during her examination by the presiding judge. She has got the name of the "Ogress;" but the ogress of the nursery tale was less meretricious, for she tried to save the children of the woodcutter. The woman Delpech, beyond all doubt a most hideous creature, has surpassed other criminals both in the quantity and quality of crime. Her price for taking charge of these children varied from 100*l* to 400*l*, as she herself informed the Court; her treatment of them she avowed with the most revolting indifference, without omitting detail. When the infants cried for hunger she gave them oil of vitriol in a bottle to drink, and then silenced their screams of agony by plunging their heads in boiling water. The verdict of the jury was "guilty with extenuating circumstances." What these "extenuating circumstances" were it is hard to say, unless they were founded on the fact of her having committed ten or twelve murders instead of one or two. The "extenuating circumstances" however, saved her life. She was sentenced by the Court to hard labour for life. It is related of an advocate of considerable talent that he one day presented himself to a man who was lying in the prison of Mazas under charge of murdering his cousin, and whose defence he had consented to undertake. "Let us see—we find that you killed your cousin. Was he the only one?" "The only one," was the answer. "Your chance is a bad one; for had you made away with the whole family we might have pleaded insanity!" Had the "Ogress" of Montauban only killed one child, instead of a dozen, there probably would have been no extenuating circumstances, and she would have been condemned to die. As it is, the number of her crimes, coupled with her cynical avowal of them, enabled her counsel to plead insanity, and the jury accepted the plea; though, if she was insane, there was no reason for sentencing her to hard labour, but every reason to shut her up in a madhouse. She is condemned to *travaux forcés* for life, and her accomplices to hard labour for a term varying according to the heinousness of their guilt. Not the least shocking feature in the case is that the principal witnesses against her were the mothers who intrusted their children to her, and who, of course, escape all punishment. One of them confessed that for five years she never once inquired about her child. She had been told that he was at Bordeaux or some other place, but she did not exactly know where. It was pretty much the same with the other mothers, and after the lapse of five years they appeared surprised at only finding a heap of bones, which were produced in court among the material proofs of the guilt of the woman Delpech. These mothers appeared one after the other before the Court of Assize, but they were not where their true place should be; for it is evident that had they done their duty the trade of the "Ogress" would have been less prosperous.

The details which we print this week of the elegant costumes worn at the first Drawing-room of the season, will doubtless be read with interest by most of our readers. The Queen remained the whole of the Drawing-room, which lasted an hour exactly. The prevailing colour was, without doubt, lilac and grey, and the dresses were remarkably handsome, those of the Marchioness of Bath and Viscountess Holmesdale being particularly admired, as also for the beauty of those who wore them. We noticed among the other splendid costumes two or three deep rose-colour silk or satin trains, ornamented with a profusion of the richest Mechlin lace. The hair was worn decidedly lower than has been the custom of late years at Her Majesty's

Drawing-rooms; there were also more flowers used in place of feathers. There was a larger attendance than usual in the "general circle," as it is styled; the general circle comprising such people as are privileged to remain about the Queen, while the rest of the people pass before her—viz., members of the Ministry, aides-de-camp to the Queen, people in attendance on the other royal personages present, &c. When you enter the Throne-room, having passed through the magnificent suite of state apartments, crossing the picture gallery, as you reach it the spectacle which meets your eye is a grand one. The Throne-room is a fine apartment, with a row of windows running along one side of it. At one end is the throne, in front of which stands the Queen, and on both sides of her the members of the Royal Family, and immediately behind them the Mistress of the Robes, maids of honour, and persons in attendance. Beside them and behind them the general circle, diplomats, and the like take their stand, their varied dresses and uniforms adding much to the pageant; and they, of course, themselves have the best view possible of all that goes on. When you have passed the Queen the royal pages in attendance place your train over your arm and hurry you away as quickly as possible, for of course everyone tries to linger, which would soon impede the uninterrupted progress of those who are before the Sovereign; but, having passed into the next room through the door, which opens immediately in front of the throne, you can see well all that goes on. This room is in itself a very charming one, containing a collection of beautiful pictures; indeed, if it were for nothing else, it is a privilege to attend a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace merely to see the palace—a vastly different place to dull and dreary St. James's, albeit that has of late gone through a renovation it so much needed.

New Books.

SERIALS OF THE MONTH.

THOUGH we place it first on our list, the only article in *St. Paul's* (Virtue) this month that is likely particularly to interest ladies is a short but well-written one on the Marriage Commission Report, a subject that we have fully discussed from time to time in our columns. Still, the marriage laws of the three kingdoms call so urgently for revision and consolidation that we gladly hail this latest spur towards that end. Of the serial stories there is now only one, "The Sacristan's Household," that has any special attractions, for "Phineas Finn," having already appeared in a completed form, and being in full circulation at the various libraries, appears now somewhat of a drug in the pages of the magazine. *The St. James's Magazine* (49, Essex street, Strand) has had to omit this month one of its most amusing papers, that entitled "Bisset's Youth," owing to the loss of a parcel of copy in transit from Barcelona to London. We certainly feel for the poor unfortunate author, who will doubtless have to make good the deficiency by re-writing. There is no such thankless work to a journalist as this. In its general papers the number is a strong one, but just so good that the reader regrets it is not a little better, especially as regards the illustrations. A slight paper on "A Speech from the Throne" affords the writer an opportunity of dragging in a sentence calculated to impress the unsophisticated reader with the idea of his personal acquaintance with the titled aristocracy of the land and his abhorrence of the Commoners; and in an article on "A Winter Day on Dartmoor," a paper not without some degree of freshness and merit, the writer, in a weak moment, describes, in a mild, dull, amateurist manner, a run through Exeter with as much minuteness and pretension as might suit an exploration of—say the North West Passage or the Rocky Mountains. Its worst feature, however, is its imposing show of classical learning and parading of crabbed verses.

Tinsley's Magazine (18, Catherine-street) has a humorous paper entitled, "Doctor Truster's Maxims," the illustrations to which are equally funny with the text; and in "Studies in the Tower of London," Mr. Hepworth Dixon's now well-known book is freely drawn upon, and the author handled somewhat roughly.

We complained last month of the engravings in *Cassell's Magazine* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), and though the part before us shows some amendment in this respect, there is yet wide scope for improvement. This serial has assumed a much quieter tone of late, and, were it not for the main story, might sometimes be pronounced, well—dull. The current part shows, however, a slight reaction, the illustrated "Omnibus Notes" being a decided feature of the number, and a welcome contrast to the meandering, sinuous papers devoted to "Twilight Thoughts." There is also an article on "Woman: her Position and Power," that is worth reading by ladies; and the following lines, by J. A. Langford, may be accepted as a favourable specimen of the poetry:—

MARY'S "NO."
She is fair, and very pretty,
With a sparkling, bright blue eye;
And her cheeks with smiles are dimpled
When she knows I'm standing by.
Yet she says she does not love me—
Never will be wife of mine;
But those smiles and dimples tell me
With despair I need not pine.
So, I let her meet my pleadings
With her bright and saucy smile,
And I bow before the archness
Lighting up her face the while.
Listening with a feign'd emotion,
And a put-on look of woe:
For I love to hear her accent—
See her lips when saying "No."

London & Paris Fashions, Gossip, &c.



We may as well confess at the outset that very few novelties have made their appearance this month in Paris beyond those we have already described, the weather being as yet too uncertain to admit of much display in spring materials, and Lent having for a time engrossed the attention of the Parisians with other matters than the cut of a robe or the set of a frill.

This month, in Paris, the fashion of carrying the train upon the arm has not become nearly so general as many modistes predicted it would. Ladies who dance have, it would seem, preferred adopting the skirts that just touch the ground, and ladies who do not dance have allowed their long trains to sweep upon the floor, in sublime disregard of the tearing and soiling of exquisite lace and elaborate trimmings. The Empress Eugénie, who cannot be said to dance, since she only just walks through one or two quadrilles, keeps to the train-shaped dress.

There is a very decided change in the shape of dresses since last winter. The skirt, remarks a trustworthy fashion chronicler, is no longer entirely gores, so as to be scant and narrow at the top, and yet to be long and ample at the bottom. Now the front part alone of the dress is gores; in wide materials, one width; in narrow, three; or, again, one whole width, with one half on either side. This front part is slanted off from about half-way up the skirt to the top; all the other widths are cut straight and gathered at the top, the gathers being larger at the back.



MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.

This gives the proper fullness for the puff, which is made by drawing strings through rings sewn on upon the wrong side of the skirt. Whether or not a separate puff is made upon the dress, it is always very fully gathered at the back, and the Marie Antoinette tournure is now adopted by all ladies of fashion.

In evening dress the court train of satin or velvet is frequently fastened under the puff, which is trimmed with lace, so that the fastening-on of the train is quite concealed. This is quite the style of dress now worn at the French court. Sometimes, however, there is a still closer imitation of the fashions of a century ago; an upper-dress, open in front and train shaped at the back, over an under-dress of moderate length.

A novelty originated by the Ambassador of Austria is worthy of notice. It is the hat to be worn with full evening dress. Since Princess de Metternich wore, at her reception, a coquettish little blue satin circular trimmed round with tea-roses, placed on one side of her head very knowingly, the idea has been welcomed by milliners, who are now extending the toquet and aigrette into hats to be worn under gaslight.

Indian cashmeres and crêpes de Chine are being in all haste disclosed again. A new way of wearing the former without cutting them has been discovered; they are put on peplum style, the two sides forming long open sleeves, and the body part fitting as tightly as a bodice by means of a ceinture. It cannot be done unless once seen on the better, as nothing will ever rival the rich effect of a cashmere. The crêpe de Chine shawl is worn as a tunic and panier over flounced tulle or pulled underskirts. The bodice is a berthe of the same material; an infinitesimal quantity alone, as everyone knows, being required, and trimmed with a fringe.

Among the new coiffures we find noticed is one formed

of tulips shaded of all colours, placed within a tuft of foliage and green grasses. In front the foliage forms a bouquet, with tulip buds and one full-blown tulip standing up as an aigrette; and at the back the green grasses, the foliage, the white, purple, pink, and crimson tulips fall gracefully, forming a *cochepeigne* of flowers and verdure. A fringe of the same tulips is put on round satin tunics, or else the skirt is looped up at the back in the Marie Antoinette style with a garland of flowers; or, again, it is puffed out into paniers, with bunches of tulips.

A coiffure called *Vulcana* is composed of long red and gold berries, and leaves of reddish-yellow gold, forming a coronet above the forehead, and a long trailing spray at the back. A Norma coiffure of pearly grapes, with silver leaves streaked with gold, is also very stylish.

In bonnets there are various models from among which a lady may choose that which suits her best. Small bonnets are, generally speaking, more becoming than large ones, but the round shapes do not look so well on some heads as the *fanchon* does, and the Spanish *voilette* or capulet, while it suits some countenances, is to be avoided by others whose piquant expression would be much enhanced by the coquettish *chapeau russe*.

Pretty diadem *fanchons* of coloured satin are ornamented with a bandeau and small flowerets of jewellery. A white aigrette is placed on one side; it springs from a tuft of downy black feathers. The strings are of satin, edged with blonde.

A *fanchonette* of white tulle is crossed with rouleaux of violet satin. In front there is a bow of violet velvet, and a curled white feather. Fall and lappets of white lace fastened in front with a bow of violet satin.

Little girls' toilettes differ but little, except in size, from their mamma's.

For a little girl ten years old, a monthly contemporary figures a frock of grey popinette, brocaded with small blue flowers, trimmed round the bottom with a fluting of blue silk, low bodice with a chemisette of pleated cambric. Small basques edged with a narrow fluting to correspond with that of the skirt. Tight sleeves, with a similar fluting round the top, and upon the outer seam.

A circular of grey cashmere is made with a number of capes of graduated size laid one over the other, and piped round with blue silk.

For little boys, complete costumes are made of purple cloth, speckled with white; the wide trousers are gathered just under the knee; the waistcoat has large revers, and the jacket deep basques, slit open at the sides and fitted with pockets. There are two in front and two at the back. This jacket is quite in the style of those worn by the peasants in Berry.

Children's hats are very coquettish. Those for little girls are trimmed with a feather or small bird. Those for little boys are of a round shape, and merely ornamented with an aigrette of heron's or woodcock's feathers.

PARIS PETES, ETC.

In our last number we mentioned the indisposition of the Empress, and though Her Majesty has happily now nearly recovered her wonted health and vigour, she was unable to attend either the last court concert at the Tuileries, or the first representation of *Faust*; the Emperor being present, however, on both occasions.

At the former the Princess Mathilde wore a white satin dress; the skirt was bordered with a deep flounce covered with tulle, which was spotted with gold; a white satin sash, with wide ends, fell at the back, and the tunic was looped up at the sides with three sprays of pink tulips; the front was likewise ornamented with tulips. A band of diamonds and emeralds round the forehead; sprays of small tulips, with diamond foliage, at the back.

Princess Metternich wore a green satin dress, the shade called *vert d'eau*. The satin was covered with several skirts of white tulle, dotted with silver, and the edge of the dress was bordered with water lilies and aquatic leaves. Two long garlands of water lilies looped up the tulle skirts at the sides, and the sash was green faille. The Princess wore round her throat a green ribbon, on which a single large pearl was suspended. The head-dress consisted of water lilies and diamond butterflies.

The beautiful Duchess de Malakoff was crowned with a wreath of roses of various colours, among which red and yellow predominated. Her maroon checked satin dress, of the time of Queen Anne, was trimmed *en tablier* with old English point. The paniers were likewise edged with similar lace.

The Princess Gabriell wore a Fontanges dress, quite in the style of the Louis XIV. toilettes. The train was pearl grey faille, and it opened over a *tablier* of bright pink faille. The sides of the train formed large bows, fastened with long pearl grey ribbons, lined with pink. Gray faille bodice, with pink bows on the shoulders, and ornamented with cross-cut bands of pink faille. Diamond comb for headress, and a large rose de la reine above the comb; diamond *pendeloque* in front.

At the first representation of *Faust* the Emperor was alone in his box, the sides-de-camp only at his back. The Queen of Spain occupied the box directly opposite, which belongs to Madame Aguado. Her Majesty wore a pale pink dress, with a wreath of roses round her head.

At a recent brilliant wedding at the Madeleine the dresses were much praised. The bride wore a white satin dress covered with point d'Angleterre; the bodice was trimmed with lace bretelles, and the sash was bordered with lace; a white tulle veil and a round wreath of orange blossoms. A *chatelaine* of orange blossoms, commencing at the waistband, looped up the lace tunic. The toilettes of two youthful married ladies among the guests created special admiration. The first, worn by Mme. de V. L., was composed of "Lucifer" taffetas, which is a gold and black shot silk. The skirt was bordered with a deep silk flounce, covered with a Chantilly lace flounce. A

Vatteau panier, formed of an infinitesimal number of plaits, ornamented the back of the skirt; the panier terminated with a pinked-out flounce of silk, with a narrow one above it. The small, square-cut bodice was low, and a white lace high chemisette was worn under it; above it there was a white *fichu à la paysanne*; it crossed simply in front, and was fastened at the side with a small bouquet

of precious stones. Coat-shaped silk sleeves trimmed to the elbow with black lace, and wide white sleeves plaited at the top flowing over them. A black lace "shepherd's" hat or bonnet (for now bonnets so closely resemble hats that the distinction is all in the name), ornamented with a gold aigrette at the side.

The other young married lady, Mme. R., wore green faille, something approaching the willow shade of colour when it is tinged with a slight yellow autumnal tint. At the edge of the skirt there was a bouillon to match. The panier was trimmed with a band of point d'Angleterre at the top; and from the sides, which were bunched up very high, there escaped a deep flounce of lace. The waistband was lace, and a fan-shaped plaiting of lace decorated the back. Again, at the top of the back there was a trimming of lace, and lace revers in front. Close-fitting sleeves, with lace ruffles. White lace bonnet, ornamented with roses of very delicate tint.

COURT DRESS.

In another column will be found full details of the first Drawing-room held by the Queen this season; and it has been officially announced, as we informed our readers some weeks ago, that Her Majesty will also hold two others—namely, on April 8 and May 11. Under these pleasing circumstances, the following hints, which we quote from a contemporary, on the difficult question, "What to wear?" may be both interesting and useful to many readers:—

"Young girls who are to be presented must appear in white—white tulle, white tarlatan, white crape, or white net skirts, worn over silk, satin, or moire petticoats, to match silk, satin, or moire trains. Nothing is so pretty for young girls as rich white glacé silk trains and petticoats, with tulle over the latter. The tulle petticoats are mostly made very bouffante, with a plaited flounce pulling of the tulle at the bottom, with more puffings and bows up the front, arranged *en tablier*, the train being kept in its place on each side by bunches of ribbon and



POINTED FICHU.

white flowers. The trains should be 100 inches long and 2½ yards wide, coming to about 1½ inches from the front of the body, and gathered in to a band attached to the body. They are sometimes made to come from the shoulders, but these do not look well for young girls. If the silk is good, they ought not to require to be lined; they should be rounded at the bottom, and a thick rouleau of wadding should be put inside the hem which goes all round it. I will describe a few train trimmings suitable for young ladies. Two closely-plaited flounces of double tulle, about two inches wide, put round about two or three inches from the edge of a train, then a row of blonde about the same width as the tulle quilting, the whole finished off with a satin rouleau. In this case the tulle skirt or petticoat should be trimmed with satin rouleaux. It is an improvement to have a row of blonde on the other side of the rouleau on the train. A wide plaiting of double tulle, with a very thick ruching of tulle on the top of it, with bunches of flowers here and there, looks well. A wide trimming composed of puffings of tulle arranged on stiff net, with silk ruchings in vandykes across it, and large pompons of pink silk here and there, is effective. A succession of ovals formed with two rouleaux, the oval filled with a puffing of tulle and surrounded by blonde, is the newest style. It is a pretty addition to this to have a bow of tulle and blonde between each oval, with a spray of flower in the centre of each bow. Pearls are the favourite ornaments for *débütantes*; silver is also suitable; then silver braid and cord has a capital effect upon the dress. Lilies of the valley, white May, *oleophotis*, and myrtle are very favourite flowers. Everybody must of course wear plumes and lappets in the hair; they and the train form the distinctive features of Court dress. Lappets, as they are called, are now represented by long veils of white tulle, which float gracefully over the shoulders. If silver or gold is worn in

the toilette, silver or gold bestringed tulle for the veils has a good effect. This veil and the feathers are very becoming; the latter are now more seen high on the head than drooping to the neck; the hair is so much worn turned from the face and raised high in front, that the feathers look well curling gracefully towards the forehead. Aigrettes of all kinds are to be the fashion, and in some cases the feathers will form an addition to the aigrette.

"Brides appear also in white, but they of course can don costly lace, which adds very much to the splendour of their appearance. Family diamonds and family lace are expected to do duty at Court. The new feature in the Court dress of ladies this year will be the addition of paniers to the train. Dress improvers will be worn under all trains coming from the waist, to throw them out as much as possible; and the newest style is to have a kind of short panier tunic coming from the waist, falling on to the train, and trimmed en suite. There will be fewer berthas and more trimmed bodies worn. A mixture of blue and green and the new claret red are novelties in colour. I will describe a few train trimmings suitable for matrons. A series of round puffs of tulle, with loops of satin rouleaux across, meeting in the centre beneath a bunch of flowers; the whole surrounded by a row of lace. A fulling of tulle about six inches deep, a satin rouleaux, and then a piece of blonde falling over another puffing of tulle. This continued all round, about six inches wide, has a good effect, especially if, on the puffs of tulle over which there is no blonde, a bunch of flowers is placed. A scollop made with ruching, with a twisted knot of the same between each, and surrounded by blonde, looks very well. It is said that the trimmings will be wider on the trains, and more elaborate than ever throughout the toilettes. Boots and shoes will be worn with higher heels, and very large rosettes will be placed upon them. Gloves with many buttons will be the height of the fashion."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.

This is made of fine Swiss muslin, bordered with a lace edge and blue satin ribbon. On the sash ends at the back are bows of satin. Figured Brussels net looks very pretty also made up in the same manner.

POINTED FICHU.

Our second illustration offers a very pretty model for a lace covering to a low body. It is cut half high at the neck behind, and the ends cross in front, so as to leave it open heart-shaped at the throat. The trimming is a deep black lace run with black satin ribbon; the fichu itself is composed of spotted black net. There is a double fan-shaped basque behind, made of the black net edged with the lace. The lamb, bow, and ends are of black satin ribbon. A medallion on a velvet ribbon may be worn round the throat.

The Ladies' Garden.

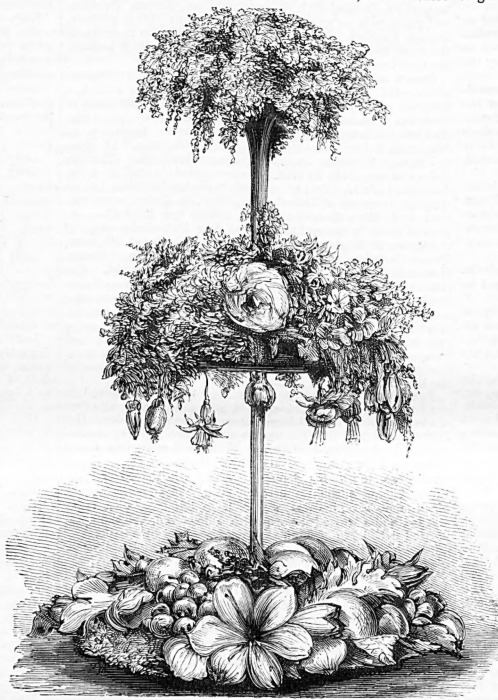
THE weather is still so variable that it is almost impossible to give specific directions for daily work for ladies out of doors, the best that we can do under the circumstances being to indicate in a general way operations that may be advantageously carried out on any favourable days that Dame Nature may accord to us during the forthcoming week.

Roses, like many other plants, are much further advanced than is good for them; common pruning will take hundreds of shoots that have been taking away the strength of the plants. We shall not hesitate to prune them back to the usual two or three eyes, and make them do all they have done over again. If the present growth be left on there will scarcely be a good flower on them. To prune the roses properly, begin by removing all the thin, weak shoots, and the branches that grow inwards and half choke up the head; next cut back the wood of last year as close as two or three eyes, having, however, a due regard to the form of the head, which may require some to be left longer. Cut out any old wood that you can move without spoiling. Your trees will look rather scanty at first, but the new growth will be cleaner and far more healthy than the frost-bitten shoots that have been growing all winter.

Hardy annuals that are expected to make much of a display early in the season must be sown at once. Patches already up of any of these should be thinned out to three or four plants. One plant fully developed is far preferable to a mass consisting of perhaps a hundred in the space one full-grown plant would occupy. To get climbing plants strong and healthy by planting-out time, the plants should be got in. When sown late, and planted out weak and tender, they do not make a respectable appearance, or cover the spaces assigned to them, before the season is nearly gone. The turf of which the lawn is formed will repay amply proper treatment now. It should be well rolled with a heavy roller, any patchy places re-turfed, and all alterations—such as cutting fresh beds, turning over where beds have been, &c.—completed speedily. If the whole of the grass is poor and starved, spread over the surface a thin sprinkling of nitrate of soda; again in April give another sprinkle, and again at the end of May another. This will promote a strong growth without coarseness, as grass where it is at present bare, and a green turf in July and August, when, except for this care, it might present the appearance of a worn-out door-mat. A few days of mild weather will bring out the slugs; therefore a sharp look-out must be kept up in the vicinity of choice pinks, pansies, and other subjects which these pests are fond of. A few lettuce or cabbage leaves laid

amongst them will help to keep them off, and also form capital traps to catch them with. Where it is preferred to destroy them by hand-picking, the evening or early in the morning is the best time to search for them.

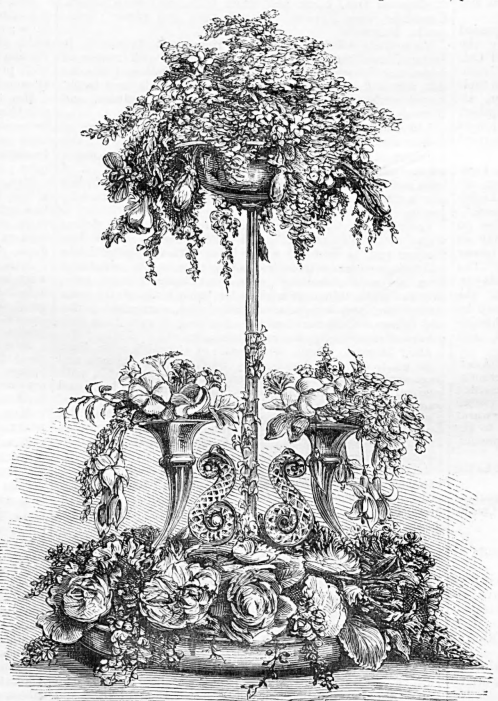
Dahlias, although neither so popular nor so dear as they were years ago, will never entirely lose their place in the flower garden. They should now be potted for forcing the cuttings, if increase be desired. If not, they may be left in the greenhouse, and when they show their eyes, they may be cut up into as many pieces as there are shoots, so that there



MRS. SMITH'S DECORATION, TAUNTON FLOWER SHOW, 1868.
See Article on "Floral Decorations," page 179.

is a piece of root or tuber to each. These may be potted and kept indoors; or, if you know where you mean to plant them, do it at once, placing them with the crown four inches below the surface, and covering them to the level. But if numbers are required, set the pots with the roots in a hotbed, and as fast as any shoots an inch and a half long come, break them off, or cut them close to the base, and put them round the edge of a pot, replacing it in the hotbed. Labels should be put to the cuttings corresponding with those on the old root. As the cuttings strike root they should be potted singly; but many, who have plenty of room, put them singly in small pots and so save the trouble of potting off afterwards.

Mr. Broome, of the Temple Gardens, writing in the



MRS. TAYLOR'S DECORATION, TAUNTON FLOWER SHOW, 1868.—See page 179.

Gardener's Magazine on town gardening, gives the following excellent hints on the cultivation of gladioli: "These are a very showy family, and if taken up after they have done blooming, and the stems have died down, and then dried and put into dry sand or cocoa-nut fibre, in a box, they will last some years; but you must take care to remove the young bulbs from the old ones. I plant them in February or March, instead of October, as I find by planting them too early they are apt to rot before they start growing. For every clump of gladioli bulbs I open a hole in the border about three inches deep, and fork up the bottom to give good drainage; then, with a mixture of rotten dung one-third, and loam two-thirds, well mixed together, I fill in the hole, and with a trowel open the ground to the depth of four inches, putting at the bottom a little sand; then insert the bulbs, and fill up with sand after the bulbs are planted. This method of procedure drains off the wet and keeps away the worms. If planted in patches, let them be put six inches apart, arranging the colours according to taste. There are many sorts, and any of them will grow in a smoky atmosphere. Take care to supply them in the dry summer evenings bountifully with water."

Rock-work in city gardens may now be planted with any of the hardy varieties of British ferns, sedums, periwinkle, and the small-leaved ivy, which all thrive well in towns.

Greenhouse.—Plants of all descriptions are now in active growth, and require especial care in stopping, training, watering, and air-giving at this trying season.

Frames.—Sow asters, stocks, zinnias, and phloxes soon. Expose those already up freely to the light and air on fine days.

All the frame plants must be examined for mildew, and if at all affected, flour of sulphur, applied over and under, will settle them.

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

BREAD PUDDING BAKED.—Crumble up a penny roll; take an equal weight of flour, the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, two teaspoonsful of ginger, half a pound of raisins stoned, half a pound of currants washed clean and dried, and four ounces of sugar. Mix all together, and then stir in as much hot milk as will make it into a good batter. Butter a pie-dish, put in the pudding, lay a few bits of butter on the top, and bake it for an hour.

CABINET PUDDING.—Take eight sponge cakes, four ounces of sultana raisins cooked in brandy, and the yolks of four eggs, with the whites of three. Butter a mould; stick the raisins about it to form a pattern; break the sponge cakes into convenient pieces, and with them line the mould; then make a custard with the eggs, adding sugar and nutmeg to taste; pour it into the mould, tie a cloth over, and put it into a large saucepan about one-third full of boiling water. Boil it gently for half an hour; when done, turn it out, and serve with brandy sauce.

ROYAL FRITTERS.—Boil a quart of new milk, and pour in a pint of white wine; take it off the fire, let it stand five minutes, skim off the curd, and beat it up well with six eggs and a little nutmeg. Add flour sufficient to make it the proper consistency of batter, put in some sugar, and fry the fritters over a quick fire.

SAFFRON PUDDING FOR EASTER.—Take a pound of bread-crumbs, soak them in a strong infusion of saffron, which should have been prepared beforehand; then beat the yolks of six eggs and the whites of four until they are very highly frothed; add to them a quarter of a pound of candied citron-peel cut into lozenge-shaped pieces of about an inch long, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds halved, a pound of the suet from a fat loin of veal, chopped lightly, and a gill of brandy; mix bread-crumbs, &c., together; put it into a buttered dish, and bake it for an hour and a half. Beef suet may be used when veal suet cannot be procured, but the latter, on account of its greater delicacy, is much to be preferred.—*Everybody's Pudding Book.*

PREPARATION OF COLD MEAT.—A BREAKFAST DISH.—Beef, veal, and poultry are considered the best suited for this. Chop up two onions, fry them in butter until well browned, add a table-spoonful of gravy; with this mix some cold meat, minced fine, a few bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and a beaten egg. Put it into a buttered mould, bake it till browned on the top, turn it out into a dish, and serve hot or cold. With veal, add ham or tongue, and, if you like, some hard-boiled eggs chopped small.

FAIRY BISCUITS.—Rub two ounces of butter with half a pound of flour, add four ounces of sugar and a few drops of almond flavouring, mix with the white of an egg, and a table-spoonful of milk; work well into the paste two ounces of sweet almonds well pounded; rub through a wire sieve; take up pieces the size of a sixpence, bake a few minutes on buttered paper, taking care to keep them quite a pale colour.

LEMON GINGERBREAD.—Grate the rinds of three lemons, mix the juice with a glass of brandy; mix the grated lemon-peel in one pound of flour, make a hole and pour in half a pound of treacle, add half a pound of butter warmed, the brandy and lemon juice; mix all together, with half an ounce of ginger, and bake in thin cakes in a slow oven.

A Boston exchange is responsible for the following story: A short time since a man appeared at the Boston City Hall, requesting an interview with the Chief of the Police. "What can I do for you?" inquired the official. "Are you the Chief?" "Yes." "Can I speak to you privately?" "Yes—speak out!" "Will no one hear us?" "No." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "Well then, listen. As I was crossing the Common last night, about twelve o'clock, I saw a woman approach the pond with a baby in her arms, looking carefully around all the while to see if she was followed, and then, when right at the edge, stooped and— " "Throw the child into the Frog Pond!" exclaimed the appalled officer, his face white with horror. "No," replied his visitor; "washed its face!"



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove out on Wednesday morning last week, attended by the Hon. Caroline Cavendish. The Equerries in Waiting were in attendance on horseback. Princess Louise also drove out, attended by the Hon. Flora Macdonald.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone and Lieutenant Pickard, arrived at the Palace from Greenwich-park. Princess Louise and Prince Arthur honoured the performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with their presence in the evening, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Sir John Cowell, and Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone.

The Queen, attended by the Hon. Flora Macdonald, visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace on the Thursday morning. The Equerries in Waiting were in attendance on horseback. Princess Beatrice went to the British Museum, attended by Midle, Bamer and Major-General F. Seymour, C.B.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had an audience of the Queen. Count Gleichen visited the Queen and remained to luncheon.

In the afternoon Her Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Waverley, drove to the Regent's Park, Campden hill, and paid a visit to the Duchess of Argyll. The Equerries in Waiting were in attendance on horseback.

Princess Louise and Prince Arthur were present in the evening at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, St. James's-hall. Lady Caroline Barrington, Sir John Cowell, Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone, and Lieutenant Pickard were in attendance. Princess Beatrice honoured the performance at the Haymarket Theatre with her presence, attended by the Hon. Caroline Cavendish and Major-General F. Seymour, C.B. His Serene Highness the Prince and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, and the Marquis of Ailesbury dined with the Queen in the evening.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by the Hon. Caroline Cavendish and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, drove out on Friday morning, and honoured Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., with a visit to his studio. The Equerries in Waiting were in attendance on horseback. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left Buckingham Palace at five minutes before one o'clock, and drove to the Great Western Railway-station at Paddington, escorted by a detachment of the 17th Lancers, and proceeded by special train to Windsor.

Her Majesty arrived at the Castle at five minutes before two o'clock, Lady Waterpark, Lord Charles Fitzroy, and Mr. Duckworth were in attendance. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Louise, and Princess Victoria of Wales preceded her Majesty to Windsor. The Hon. Lucy Keppel and the Hon. Emily Cathcart succeeded the Hon. Caroline Cavendish and the Hon. Flora Macdonald as Maids of Honour in Waiting.

The Queen received in the afternoon the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg, father of Prince Christian, which took place at Pirmkenau, in Silesia. The duke was second cousin to Her Majesty, being the grandson of Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, sister of King George the Third, her Majesty's grandfather.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, walked in the grounds of the Castle in the afternoon, and Her Majesty went out on Saturday morning, attended by the Hon. Emily Cathcart.

The Duchess of Roxburgh arrived at the Castle on the Friday, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, Lady Caroline Barrington, and Col. Du Plat, visited Prince Arthur at the Ranger's Lodge, Greenwich-park, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Prince Arthur, attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, and the Duchess of Devonshire, were present at the launching of Her Majesty's steamship Druid, the ceremony of christening being performed by Princess Louise.

On Sunday morning the Queen, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine Service in the private chapel. Professor Lightfoot, honorary chaplain to the Queen, preached the sermon.

The Queen walked and drove with Princess Louise on Monday morning. Her Majesty received during the day an address from the Corporation of the City of Dublin in favour of the establishment of religious equality in Ireland. The Queen having returned a gracious answer, the Lord Mayor, Councillor Ryan, the mover, and Alderman Bolton, the seconder of the address, were presented to Her Majesty by the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, and had the honour of kissing Her Majesty's hand. The deputation then retired, and shortly afterwards left the Castle for London.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Waterpark, drove out on Monday afternoon.

Tuesday being the anniversary of the death of the lamented Duchess of Kent, the Queen and the Royal Family visited the duchess's mausoleum at Frogmore, and afterwards visited Prince Christian. After the Queen's return to the Castle the mausoleum was, by Her Majesty's command, opened for the members of the household to visit it.

Lady Fanny Howard arrived at the Castle on a visit to the Queen.

The Duchess of Roxburgh succeeded Lady Waterpark as Lady in Waiting. The Hon. Susan Cavendish left the Castle.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The following telegrams will show the latest movements of their royal highnesses:—

ALEXANDRIA, March 15.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales reached Assuan on the 14th inst., and was to leave for Cairo on the following day, where he expected to arrive on Monday next.

ALEXANDRIA, March 13.—The Prince of Wales left Kenah, in Upper Egypt, yesterday morning. All well.

ALEXANDRIA, March 12.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left Roda, near Siout, to-day, and is expected to arrive at Cairo on Wednesday. His Highness the Viceroy took his departure yesterday for Ismailia.

COURT MORNING.—LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, March

16.—Orders for the Court's going into mourning on Wednesday next, the 17th inst., for his late Serene Highness the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, second cousin of the Queen, and father of his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Her Majesty's son-in-law—viz.: The ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers, and long pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black Court dress, or crape on the left arm. The Court to change the mourning on Saturday, the 20th inst.—viz.: The ladies to wear black dresses, with coloured ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments, or grey or white dresses, with black ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments. The gentlemen to continue the same mourning. And on Wednesday, the 24th inst., the Court to go out of mourning.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN AUGUSTENBURG.—On Friday afternoon last week, at two o'clock, a telegram arrived at Frogmore House announcing the death of Christian Charles Frederick Augustus, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg, son of the Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein and daughter of Christian VII., King of Denmark (Princess Louise Augusta of Denmark). The late duke was born July 19, 1798. He succeeded his father in the dukedom in June, 1814; he married, in September, 1820, Louisa Augusta, Countess of Dainskold. The late duke leaves two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Frederick, the present duke, is married to Princess Ada Hohenlohe, niece of the Queen of England; the second son, his Royal Highness Prince Christian, is married to Princess Helena of England. The daughters are still unmarried. The late duke lost his wife last year. The duke was considered the handsomest man in the Courts of Germany, and was of a most kindly disposition. His death has been expected for several days, and his daughter, the Princess Henriette, who had been visiting their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Frogmore, left England on Sunday week in consequence of a telegram announcing the serious illness of the late duke.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.—As briefly announced in our last number, Her Majesty held a drawing-room, the first of the season, at Buckingham Palace on the Wednesday. Her Majesty entered the Throne-room at three o'clock, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge, and by his Serene Highness the Prince and her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck. The Queen wore a black moire antique dress, with a train trimmed with crape and jet, and a white tulle cap with a long veil, the cap ornamented with large diamonds, and surmounted by a coronet of diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and a brooch, composed of amethysts and diamonds, the Riband and the Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, and Louise of Prussia, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise wore a train of green moire antique, trimmed with rich guipure lace, and a petticoat of white tulle of lace, trimmed tastefully with green satin. Headress: Feathers, veil, and tulle. Diamonds, diamonds, and tufts of roses. Ornaments: Diamond necklace, and Orders of Victoria and Albert, St. Isabel, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

The following is a description of many of the striking dresses worn by the ladies on the occasion:—

Duchess of Wellington.—Train of rich velours Pekin noir rayé satin, lined with white satin, trimmed with rich white blonde and satin ribbons; dress of black tulle, trimmed with black tulle brode, diamonds, and satin to correspond. Headress, coronet of diamonds, white feathers, and lappets; diamond necklace and stomacher.

Countess of Fife.—Train and corsage carré of rich green Metterich Lyons velvet, with double of white satin and rich garniture of blonde over a white satin petticoat, handsomely ornamented with large ruffles of green Metterich velvet, and surmounted with rouleaux of green Metterich satin. Headress, plume and lappets; parure of splendid diamonds.

Countess of Verulam.—Train of rich black moire antique, lined with white silk and trimmed with Brussels lace and bows of satin ribbon; petticoat of black lace, with trimmings of Brussels lace and white tulle, and white satin ribbon. Headress, lace lappets, white flowers, and plume; ornaments, diamonds.

Viscountess Chelsea.—Train of rich poul de soie à la Sultana, lined with white silk and trimmed with ruffles of crape, rich Brussels lace, and white acacia; petticoat of same silk, trimmed with bouillons of crape; Brussels lace tunic, looped with same flowers. Headress, acacia, plume, and Brussels lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Alexis Drif.—Train and corsage à la Grecque of rich white tulle, ornamented with ruffles of tulle and rouleaux and mounds of white satin ribbon, over a petticoat of white tulle illusion, with handsome garniture of ruffles of tulle and veil of tulle illusion, fastened with bouquets of roses over a silk slip. Headress, plume and lappets; ornaments, pearls.

Lady Ida Hope.—Train à la Pompadour of the richest white satin, elegantly trimmed with Brussels point lace flounces and bouquets of water lilies, with variegated herbs and foliage; corsage to correspond, with bouquets suspended from the waist; train of magnificent Brussels point lace; skirts of white tulle over white satin, with tulle of the same costly lace, and bouquets of water lilies, variegated herbs, and foliage. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, flowers, tulle veil, parure of superb emeralds and diamonds.

Lady Stewart.—Train, with panier of rich pink satin, lined with white silk and handsomely trimmed with blonde and large mounds of pink satin; petticoat of rich white satin, with bouillon round the bottom, with veils of tulle at the back, and ornamented in the front on tablier, with elegant bouquets of pink acacia and small spray of lilac; petticoat of the same tulle; corsage of pink satin, trimmed with wreath of pink acacia. Headress of the same flowers, feathers, and tulle lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Eardley Wilmot.—Train of black moire antique, trimmed with rich black lace and lilac satin; petticoat of lilac satin, also trimmed with black lace and bows of satin. Headress, Brussels lace lappets, flowers, and ostrich plume; ornaments, diamonds and emeralds.

Lady Milne.—Train and corsage of rich Gothic moire, trimmed with bias of mauve satin and old point d'Alencon, ruche of crêpe, and tunic of lace. Coiffure of mauve velvet, ostrich plumes, and lappets.

Lady Hylton.—Train and corsage of rich mauve velours de Russie, trimmed with bias of Brussels lace, over jupe of richest mauve satin, trimmed with ruffles of crêpe, rouleaux of satin, and old point lace. Coiffure, ostrich plumes and lappets.

Lady Mary Hervey.—Manteau of tulle, bonillonné, trimmed with rouleaux of white satin and tulle of lilac; petticoat of rich white poul de soie, covered with bouillons of tulle and chataine de lilac. Headress, ostrich plumes, tulle veil, and flowers; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Nicholson.—Costume composed of a train of the richest pink poul de soie, elegantly trimmed with blonde and pink satin; corsage to correspond, with bouquets of pink roses; skirts of white tulle over tulle, trimmed with blonde and pink satin, looped up with wreaths of pink roses. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, tulle veil, and pink roses.

Lady Isham.—Train of rich white moire, trimmed elegantly with point d'Alencon, rouleaux of violet satin, and real camellias (Countess of Orkney); jupe of rich violet poul de soie, trimmed en tablier, with lace and bouquets of camellias. Headress, ostrich plumes, lappets, and diamonds.

Lady James.—Train of rich moire chamois, blue and white, trimmed with handsome antique guipure; petticoat of white poul de soie, covered with bouillons of tulle, trimmed tastefully with blue satin. Coiffure of rich blue Lyons velvet, ostrich plumes, and lappets; ornaments, stars and diamonds.

Lady Harriet Grimston.—Train and corsage of rich grey poul de soie trimmed with tulle and bows of satin ribbon; petticoat of grey lace, covered with tulle of tulle, and looped with lilies of the valley. Headress, lilies of the valley, plume, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Jane Grimston.—The same.

Lady Belper.—Train and corsage of rich black satin de Lyons, lined with amber satin, trimmed handsomely with dentelle point d'Espagne; petticoat of richest amber moire, trimmed with dentelle de Chantilly, and same colour satin bows. Coiffure of lace lappets and ostrich plumes; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Mary Herbert.—A train of rich blue poul de soie, elegantly trimmed with tulle and satin, looped up with bouquets of blush rosebuds and dark foliage; corsage to correspond; skirt of white tulle, over white silk, very tastefully trimmed with tulle, and bouquets of blush rosebuds. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, tulle veil, and the same colour satin.

Lady Maud Herbert.—A train of rich white poul de soie, elegantly trimmed with tulle and satin, with bouquets of white azaleas and variegated grass; corsage to correspond; skirt of white tulle over white silk, very tastefully trimmed with bouquets of white azaleas and variegated grass. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, tulle veil, and the same colour satin.

Hon. Miss Strutt.—Train and corsage of rich white poul de soie, with ruffles of tulle and bouffants of blue satin, with bows, over petticoat of blue tulle, trimmed to correspond; ceinture of blue satin; ostrich plume, and tulle veil.

Hon. Miss Caroline Strutt.—The same.

Hon. Miss Shaw Lefevre.—Train of rich black satin, trimmed with guipure lace and ruffles of white ribbon; corsage to correspond, with bouquet of white flowers; petticoat of white satin, with flounce of guipure lace, looped with ribbon, and surmounted with ruffles. Headress, guipure lace lappets, white flowers, and feathers; ornaments, diamonds and amethysts.

Hon. Laura Lane Fox.—Dress of white tulle over white tulle, studded with small bouffants of primroses, violets, and grass; corsage and tunique à la Louis XIII, train of white tulle, with flounce of guipure lace, looped with ribbon, and flowers to correspond. Headress, tulle veil and ostrich feathers, bouffants of primroses and violets; ornaments, antique mixed jewels.

Mrs. Henry Peck.—Train of splendid satin, princess turquoise blue, trimmed with a rich blonde flounce; camargo of blonde and satin; body Empire, adorned with white roses; petticoat of rich white tulle, covered with narcissus. Headress, feathers, veil, and diamonds.

Mrs. Bolekow.—Costume à la Louis XIII, train of rich black antique satin, lined with blue colour satin, and garniture blue satin; fine old guipure lace point, and diamond stars in the bows; jupe of a rich blue colour in fail silk, trimmed with blue satin, and fine old guipure flounce, and a train of white tulle. Headress, feathers and diamonds, tiara of diamonds; ornaments all diamonds; tulle veil.

Mrs. Eustace Smith.—Train and corsage of rich white satin, handsomely trimmed with large ruffles crochées en satin et guirlandes de chèvre-feuille; jupe de tulle blanc, covered with flots of white illusion tulle, and bouquets de chèvre-feuille. Headress, feathers, tulle veil, and ornaments of Etruscan gold.

Mrs. Holton.—Costume composed of a rich white poul de soie trimmed with tulle and bouquets of rich damask Persian lilies; corsage to correspond; a white tulle petticoat over a white glaucé slip, trimmed with chataines of rich damask Persian lilies. Headress, tiara of diamonds and emeralds, with plume and lappets; necklet, earrings and bracelets of diamonds and emeralds.

Mrs. Stevenson.—Louis XV. train of rich white poul de soie trimmed with tulle, Brussels point lace, satin bows, and bouquets of white moss rosebuds; petticoat of rich white satin antique, with fine Brussels point lace flounces trimmed to correspond. Headress, feathers, veil, diamonds, and white roses; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Graves.—Train à la Pompadour of rich black velvet, lined and trimmed with cerise satin, and very fine old lace point d'Angleterre; court petticoat of quilted cerise satin, with plisse of black satin ribbon en petit tianon; corsage en suite, with train trimmed with very old lace. Headress, plume, lace lappet; ornaments, parure of diamonds.

Miss Diana Goring.—Dress of white tulle bouillonnée over white silk petticoat, covered in silver tulle, and strewed with detached narcissus and green leaves; train a paniers of white poul de soie, trimmed with tulle and silver. Coiffure of ostrich feathers and silver veil with narcissus; ornaments, rubies.

Miss Fergusson.—A white tarlatan petticoat over rich white glaucé silk, trimmed with platings of the same; train of rich mauve gros de Sens, richly trimmed with mauve satin, and ornamented with satin rosettes. Headress, white tulle, feathers and Brussels lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Kate H. Fergusson.—A white tulle petticoat over rich white glaucé silk, trimmed with platings of the same; train of rich mauve gros de Sens, richly trimmed with mauve satin, and ornamented with satin rosettes. Headress, white lilies, feathers, and tulle veil; ornaments, diamonds and emeralds.

Miss Helen S. Fergusson.—A white tulle petticoat over rich white glaucé silk, trimmed with platings of the same; train of rich green gros de Sens, richly trimmed with green satin, and ornamented with satin rosettes. Headress, blush roses with brown leaves, feathers, and tulle veil; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Jamieson.—Train and corsage of pink poul de soie, trimmed with white tulle and bouquets of roses, with foliage; petticoat of white tulle over white glaucé, trimmed with rouleaux of white satin. Headress, plumes, lappets, and pink roses; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Agnes Jamieson.—Dress of white poul de soie, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of white may, with frosted jonquils and grass, white tulle, and silver ribbon; petticoat of white tulle over white glaucé, trimmed with silver, and chataine and bouquets of white may; ornaments, dress, plume, lappets, and guirlande of white may; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Poll.—Train of rich white silk, trimmed with tulle, and garlands of narcissus and grass; petticoat of white tulle over glacé silk, trimmed to correspond. Headdress, feathers, veil, narcissus, and grass; ornaments, pearls.

THE QUEEN'S LEVEE.—By command of the Queen a levee was held on Friday last week at St. James's Palace, by Her Royal Highness Prince Arthur, on behalf of Her Majesty. Presentations to his Royal Highness at this levee are by the Queen's pleasure, and are equivalent to presentations to Her Majesty. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by his Gentlemen in Waiting, and escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, arrived at St. James's from Buckingham Palace about two o'clock, and was received by the great officers of State of the Royal Household. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur entered the Throne-room accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and their Serene Highnesses Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince of Teck.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, entertained at dinner, at her residence in Dover Street, on Sunday last, His Excellency the Netherlands Minister, the Countess Powlett, the Hon. Spencer and Mrs. Lyttelton, the Hon. Mr. Barrington, Mr. and Mrs. William Lytton, Mr. George Cavendish, &c.

The Countess de Grey had an evening party on Saturday night at the family residence in Carlton-gardens. Previous to the assembly the Lord President of the Council and the countess entertained the noblest company at dinner.

A letter from Stuttgart states that the forty-sixth anniversary of the birthday of King Charles has just been celebrated with great brilliancy. His Majesty on the occasion received the diplomatic body, the members of the Cabinet, and the chief functionaries of the kingdom.

The Earl of Ellenborough is staying at Southam, near Cheltenham, and will not come to town for the season until after the Easter holidays.

The Countess of Shannon and infant son are doing well.

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke have arrived at Rutland-gate for the season.

FLETO HOUSE, DEVONSHIRE.—Fleto House and estate, the ancestral seat of the Bullock family, of whom the present representative is Mr. John Bullock of Paignton, last week passed into the possession of Lord Dorchester, the purchase money being 160,000. Fleto is situated about ten miles from Plymouth, near Modbury, in the midst of a delightful neighbourhood, possessing natural beauties of no ordinary character. It has, it is said, been purchased by Lord Dorchester for residence purposes, and, his lordship having sold his seat at Greywell, in Hampshire, will shortly take up his abode in South Devon.

A telegraphic despatch announces the arrival at Hyeres of the Queen Dowager of Prussia, travelling under the name of the Countess of Landau, with a suite of sixteen persons, and coming from Mentone by way of Toulon.

The Countess of Portlinton left on Saturday for Nice. The noble earl remains in town.

The Marquis of Waterford has arrived at Nice from Paris. The Right Hon. B. Disraeli gave a Parliamentary dinner on Saturday, at his residence, Grosvenor-gate.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Ladies Scott are not expected to arrive at Montagu House, Whitehall, until after Easter, from Scotland.

The Marquis and Marquise Consentino have left the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde-park-corner, for Switzerland.

The friends of the Earl of Wiltton will learn with regret that his lordship met with an accident in the hunting-field on Tuesday last week. He fell from his horse, and, in addition to a very severe shaking, sustained several injuries. The small bone of his left arm is broken just above the wrist, and one of his ribs on the left side is fractured. Notwithstanding the accident, his lordship is apparently going on to the satisfaction of his medical attendants.

Viscount and Viscountess Sydney entertained her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge at dinner on Saturday last in Cleveland-square. The company consisted of Emily Duchess of Beaufort, the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde, Earl and Countess Cowley, the Earl of St. Germans, Count Pahlen, the Lord Chief-Justice, Sir George Cartier, Bart., Mr. Henry Grove, and Lord Frederick Paulet.

The Countess Cowper and Ladies Cowper have arrived at the family residence in St. James's-square, from Panshanger, Herts, for the season.

Lord Leonfield is still in a very precarious state. Since Monday week his lordship has been gradually losing strength. He had been ill, but was thought to be going on favourably, when he had a relapse.

On Monday afternoon a deputation, consisting of Sir William Carroll (Lord Mayor of Dublin), Alderman Bulfin, Mr. M'Sweeney, Sir John Gray, M.P., Dr. Ryan, and the Town Clerk (Mr. W. J. Henry), attended by Mr. J. S. Carroll, secretary to the Lord Mayor; Mr. Hayes, the city marshal; Mr. Aikins, sword-bearer; and Mr. Barlow, mace-bearer to the Corporation of the City of Dublin, proceeded to Windsor Castle for the purpose of presenting a memorial to the Queen praying for religious equality in Ireland.

We have to announce the death of Sir John Peter Boileau, of Tacolnstone Hall, baronet, which took place at Torquay on Tuesday last week. He was the oldest son of Mr. John Peter Boileau, and Henrietta, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. George Pollen, of Little Bookham, Surrey, and was born 2nd September, 1794. He married, 14th November, 1825, Lady Catherine Sarah Elliot, third daughter of Gilbert, first Earl of Minto, which lady died in 1862.

By telegraphic message we were informed of the death of the Earl of Glasgow, which took place on Wednesday night last week at his seat, Hawkhead, Renfrewshire. The late earl, who had for a long series of years been one of the leading supporters of the Turf, and was the senior member of the Jockey Club, was the Right Hon. James Carr-Boyle, Earl of Glasgow, Viscount Kelburne, and Lord Boyle, of Kelburne, Stewarstown, Cambrams, Fenwick, Largs, and Dalry, in the peerage of Scotland; Baron Loss of Hawkhead, county of Renfrew, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; and Lieutenant of the county Renfrew. He was a retired commander of the Royal Navy. He was the second son of George, fourth Earl of Glasgow, by his first wife, Lady Augusta Hay, fourth daughter of James, fourteenth Earl of Erol, and granddaughter and heir of Sir William Carr, of Eral, county Durham. His lordship married, August 4, 1821, Georgiana, third daughter of the late Mr. Edward Hay-Mackenzie, but leaves no issue. He is succeeded in the family honours and Scottish estates by his half-brother, the Hon. George Frederick Boyle, born in 1825, and married, 1856, the Hon. Montagu Abercromby, daughter of George Ralph, third Lord Abercromby. The present peer was M.P. for Bute from February till July, 1865. The English estates of Eral, &c., go to his sister, Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, who married one of the sons of the late King William IV.

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM CLAY, BART.—The above baronet died on Saturday last after a long illness. The late Sir William Clay, who represented the Tower Hamlets in the House of Commons from the general election in 1832 to 1857, was the only surviving son of the late Mr. George Clay, the wealthy London merchant and shipowner, and for some years was in partnership with his father. He was born in 1791, and married in 1822, Harriet, only surviving daughter and co-heir of Mr. Thomas Dickson, of Fulwell Lodge, Middlesex, by whom he leaves a numerous family. The deceased Sir William was created a baronet in 1841. He was secretary to the Board of Control in Lord Melbourne's Administration from 1839 to September, 1841. Sir William was a decided Liberal; was in favour of the ballot and triennial Parliaments, and moved the repeal of the Corn-laws in 1837.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

On Tuesday morning last week was solemnised, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the marriage of the Right Austen H. Layard, M.P., Chief Commissioner of Works, and Miss Mary Emil Evelyn Guest, eldest unmarried daughter of Lady Charlotte Schreiber. The church was completely filled with the wedding party and the friends anxious to witness the solemnity. Mr. Layard, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Gregory, M.P., who acted as "best man," arrived at the church about half-past eleven o'clock, at which hour most of the interested in the proceeding had assembled. The bride, accompanied by her mother, was received at the church by Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, her brother, and was attended by six bridesmaids—namely, Miss Dudley Ward, Miss Blanche Guest (sister of the bride), Lady Grace Gordon and Miss Bertie (cousins of the bride), and Miss Du Cane and Miss Eliot (nieces of the bride). The bride was attired in a dress of rich white satin, handsomely trimmed and flounced with Brussels lace, and her wealth of orange flowers wore a large veil of the same costly lace. She also wore a parure of pearls and diamonds. The bridesmaids were attired in white tulle dresses trimmed with cerise satin, and tulle bonnets trimmed to correspond. The Hon. and Rev. Walter Ponsonby, vicar of Ganford, assisted by the Rev. Cecil Alderson, Rector of Haddenham, performed the religious rite. The bride was given away by her brother, Sir Ivor Bertie Guest. After the registration of the marriage the wedding party adjourned to Langham House, where Mr. and Lady Charlotte Schreiber gave a breakfast which was strictly confined to the members of the family.

The King of Prussia has conferred on Miss Granville the order and ribbon of the Erinnerung Krenz, in acknowledgment of her incessant care of the wounded Prussian soldiers after the battle of Kissingen, July 11, 1866.

ON THE USE OF ROUGE.—The Italians, remarks a contemporary, tell a story of a lady who acknowledged to her father confessor that she rouged a little—in order, she said, to become more handsome and to please the young men. He at once gave her absolution, on the ground that the result was precisely the contrary. A lady once asked an artist, who was painting her portrait, where he bought his colours. He told her it was at the same shop where she bought hers. When Lord Chesterfield was asked what he thought of the ladies of Paris, he replied that "he was no judge of painting." The Marquise de Beauvau was noted for her unceasing experiments in the use of rouge of different kinds, which led to the doubtful complexion being addressed to her, "Madame, I discover some fresh beauty in you every day." A moralist will probably condemn rouge as being a fraud and a deception, and say that women would not thus colour their faces if they were capable of an honest blush, nor wear a mask if they were sincere. A sermon by St. Vincenzo Ferreri is preserved, in which he uses the following strong language on the subject: "Women, when you come to appear before your Lord on his throne, he will say, 'Ye are not my creatures. I made your faces white; ye have made them red. Why have ye dared to touch up a picture painted by a master's hand?' Think ye that I know not how to paint, or that I need to be instructed by you? If ye have been to a painter who you fancy handles the pencil better than I, go to that painter! I will have none of you; I know you not! Ye are not women, but children of the devil." On the other hand, a skillful arguer may make out a good case in favour of rouge. Why quarrel with a soft tinge spread like a thin gauze over two innocent cheeks? Art may surely be called in to embellish Nature—fiction is not falsehood. Quevedo used to say that Truth should not be painted naked. Why should not a woman copy the purple hue of modesty, the timid blush of bashfulness, the fire of insulted dignity? What colour so lifelike, so beautiful as red—the colour of youth, of freshness, of health? Flowers, fruit, the sky, are clothed in purple; the setting sun illumines with red the western horizon. Aurora is called by the poets the rose-fingered goddess, and the rose-scented rose is the queen of flowers, is thought to be dyed with the pure blood of the goddess of love herself. If it were not for the terrors of the Saint's sermon above quoted, one would be almost inclined to vote for rouge after all. But perhaps Monseigneur La Mothe, Bishop of Amiens, found the true solution when consulted on the subject by a lady who was much embarrassed by the opposite opinions of her two confessors, one of whom saw no harm in the use of rouge, whilst the other refused to give her absolution for wearing it. "Madame," said the excellent bishop, "there's much to be said on both sides. I advise you to take a middle course, and paint one cheek only."

BREAKFAST.—EPH'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks: "The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided a breakfast table with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by the trade only in ½lb., ¼lb., and 1lb. tin-lined packets, labelled James Epps and Co., homoeopathic chemists, London.

Luxuriant and beautiful hair is the distinguished badge of youth.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORE OR DRESSING never fails to quickly restore *Grey or Faded Hair* to its youthful colour and beauty, and with the least application of this beautiful gloss and delightful fragrance is given to the Hair. It stops the Hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the Hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles.—Price 3s. 6d. Shillings.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S Zylabalsam far excels any Pomade or Hair Oil, and is a most agreeable dressing for the Hair. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 265, High Holborn, London.

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The Useful Corner.

TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM CLOTHES.—The following we take from the last number of the *American Country Gentleman*, but have not yet had an opportunity of testing its value: Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part with a brush; lay it on the grass day and night till the stain comes out. Iron stains may be removed by the salt of lemon. Many stains may be removed by dipping the linen in sour butter-milk, and then drying it in a hot sun; wash it in cold water; repeat this three or four times. Stains caused by acids may be removed by pearl-ash.

SUGAR ICING FOR CAKES.—Ingredients: To every pound of loaf sugar allow the whites of four eggs, ½oz. of fine starch. Mole: Beat the eggs to a strong froth, and gradually sift in the sugar, which should be reduced to the finest possible powder, and gradually add the starch, also finely powdered. Beat the mixture well until the sugar is smooth; then with a spoon or broad knife lay the icing equally over the cakes. These should then be placed in a very cool oven, and the icing allowed to dry and harden, but not to colour. The icing may be coloured with strawberry or currant-juice, or with prepared cochineal. If it be put on the cakes as soon as they are withdrawn from the oven, it will become firm and hard by the time the cakes are cold. On very rich cakes, such as wedding, christening cakes, &c., a layer of almond icing is usually spread over the top, and over that the white icing as described. All iced cakes should be kept in a very dry place.

TO BONE A TURKEY OR FOWL (MISS ACTON'S RECIPE).—Cut through the skin and the centre of the back, and raise the flesh carefully on either side with the point of a sharp knife, until the sockets of the wings and thighs are reached. Till a little practice has been gained, it will perhaps be better to bone these joints before proceeding further; but after they are once detached from it, the whole of the body may easily be separated from the flesh, and taken out entire; only the neck-bones and merry-thought will then remain to be removed. The bird thus prepared may either be restored to its original form, by filling the legs and wings with forcemeat, and the body with the livers of two or three fowls, mixed with alternate layers of parboiled tongue freed from the rind, fine sausage-meat, or veal forcemeat, or thin slices of the nicest bacon, or might else of good flavour, which will give a marbled appearance to the fowl when it is carved; and then be sewn up and trussed as usual; or the legs and wings may be drawn inside the body, and the bird being first fattened on a table, may be covered with sausage-meat, and the various other ingredients we have named, so placed that it shall be of equal thickness in every part; then tightly rolled, bound firmly together with a fillet of broad tape, wrapped in a thin pudding cloth, closely tied at both ends, and dressed as follows: Put it into a braising-pan, stewpan, or thick iron saucepan, bright in the inside and fitted as nearly as may be to its size; add all the chicken-bones, a bunch of sweet herbs, two carrots, two bay-leaves, a large blade of mace, twenty-four white peppercorns, and any trimmings or bones of undressed veal which may be at hand; cover the whole with good veal broth, add salt, if needed, and stew it very softly, from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half, let it cool in the liquor in which it was stewed; and after it is lifted out, boil down the gravy to a jelly and strain it; let it become solid, clear off the fat, and serve it in a separate dish or roughed, and laid round the fowl, which is to be served cold. If restored to its form, instead of being rolled, it must be stewed gently for an hour, and may then be sent to the table hot, covered with mushroom, or any other good sauce that may be preferred; or it may be left until the following day, and served garnished with the jelly, which should be firm, and very clear, and well-flavoured: the liquor in which a calf's foot has been boiled down, added to the broth, will give it the necessary degree of consistence.

EACH TO HIS OWN.

"O my sweetest, and O my dearest,
How rich that summer is, having you!
Over your head the sky is clearest,
Warmest sunshine and freshest dew."
So, with a lover's flattering breath,
The butterfly to his daisy saith.
"Ah my sweetest, and ah my fairest!"
Brushing her face with a tender touch;
"Of all the flowers you are the rarest!"
And all the meadows are full of such!
O royal rose, sitting up alone,
Is there anything more for you to own?

Ho, blue heavens that bend above her!
Ho, little daisy down in the grass!
Who would guess her to have a lover
More than others we daily pass?
Why love cometh or stays away
Truly there's none but love can say.

The little brown robin leafy-nested,
Quiet and small and plain is she;
But listen to robin scarlet-breasted!
He is as proud as proud can be.
None could praise her with sweeter words
If she were wife to the king of birds.

The sweetest home in the forest's bosom
None but the happy owner knows;
And to be called the fairest blossom
It isn't needful to be a rose.
O love, you surely are blind to see
In all the meadows only me!

Truer than truth, love, when you flatter,
Say, do you know, O great, grand skies,
That all your shining's a useless matter
Without—he said it!—without these eyes?
"Be proud, my daisy, my pearl," saith he,
"For you are the crown of the world to me!"

CARL SPENCER.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—PAINLESS CURES.—Sores, wounds, ulcerations, and other diseases affecting the skin are amenable by this cooling and healing unguent. It has called forth the loudest praises from persons who had suffered for years from bad legs, abscesses, and chronic ulcers, after every hope of cure had long passed away. None but those who have experienced the soothing effect of this Ointment can form an idea of the comfort it bestows by restraining inflammation and allaying pain. Whenever this Ointment has been once used, it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy for all ulcerous complaints. In neuralgia, rheumatism, and gout, the same application, properly used, gives wonderful relief.

A SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED. — MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTION.—The *Globe* says: "Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homeopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."—Sold in packets only, by all Grocers.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

CHICORY FOR SALAD.—I have never tried the tops of horse-radish for salads, but I find chicory invaluable. We sow it in April, in the same way as parsnips, and take it up in October. We put one half in a cellar or mushroom-house at once, and lay the other in by the heels until February, and then introduce it in the same way as the first, using the blanched leaves as they spring up.—J.B.

The Empress of the French, according to a correspondent, often speaks and writes French incorrectly. Whenever she gets excited she uses a great many Spanish words in her conversation, and when really angry she will, at last, only speak Spanish. The servants at the Imperial Court, therefore, when saying, "The Empress has talked Spanish to me," mean "She has scolded me."

An amusing result of the passport system is reported from Paris. A certain mayor had to make out a passport for a certain duchess. The duchess was wealthy; the mayor was in her service. The duchess was something of a coquette; the mayor was anxious to gratify her humour. But the duchess was one-eyed, and the mayor had a difficulty in making out the passport. How was he to describe her eyes? He entered them in the schedule as follows: "Eyes—dark, beautiful, soft, full of expression—one of them being absent." This is surely the triumph of courtesy, and worthy of the nation that plumes itself on its politeness.

A peculiar incident occurred a short time since in the vicinity of Hackney worth recording from the fact of its being one of the rarest escapades in matrimonial history. An aged gentleman, of not very prepossessing appearance, but, nevertheless, a perfect Cressus, was leading his bride, a girl of sweet sixteen, to the Cymene altar. Six handsomely-dressed bridesmaids and a host of friends attended the couple to church. The bride was decked out in nuptial splendour, the roadway was lined with carriages and greys, and the whole scene presented an imposing effect; the venerable gentleman led his bride up the aisle, and the ceremony of coupling them began. All went quietly enough till the clergyman came to the sentence "Will you give this man to be your wedded husband?" when she, in a loud and solemn manner, exclaimed "I won't." She rose in an excited manner, darted out of the church, jumped into a carriage awaiting her outside, in which was seated the idol of her choice; off they went to another church, not a thousand miles away, were married there and are now living in happy wedlock. The event has created quite a sensation in the neighbourhood, and the interest has not yet abated.

The Humourist.

WHERE ought the milk of human kindness to be always found?—Within the *pale* of the Church.

Which side of a horse invariably has the most hair on it?—The outside.

Why is a musical instrument like the sea?—Because it is often sounded.

What time by the clock is best for a pun?—A joke takes best when it *strikes* one.

The sieve through which the man "strained every nerve" is for sale at cost price.

The best rifles for tailors—Needle guns.

The best rifles for men cooks—Chasse pots.

Landlord: "John, I am going to raise your rent." "Really, sir, you are very kind, for I cannot raise it myself."

Why do medical men generally wear black clothes? Because they are chiefly occupied in preparing *grave* subjects.

"Pat, who is the oldest, you or your brother?" "Shure I'm the oldest now, but if my brother lives three years longer we shall be both of an age."

At a dinner in Calcutta a gentleman wishing to hand a mango to a lady, let it fall into a dish of kismists, an Indian fruit. "Excuse me," said he, "but you see how naturally man goes to kiss-miss."

A person speaking about the painful position of the Siamese twins, wound up his remarks by adding: "However, it is well they are brothers, if strangers to each other their predicament would be distressing."

An Irishman on arriving in this country, took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife—"Dear Norah: These melancholy lines are to inform you that I did yesterday, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jimmy J. Burke and take care of the childer. From your affectionate husband Gill deeth."



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(From Punch.)
"Party Processions."—Going down to supper.
The Height of Fashion.—Ladies' hair as now worn.
A SWEET IDEA.—Giving sugarplums to children, if not an act of *bonhomie*, may surely be regarded as an act of *bonbon*-homie.
The Queen's Levy.—Taxes.

(From Fun.)
A Bad Pluck'd 'Un.—His High Goose.
The Editorial "Wee."—His youngest.

QUITE TIME! Old Gent (waking up suddenly): "Hi, porter! Where does this train stop next?" Porter: "Don't stop any more, sir!" Old Gent (excitedly): "Not stop any more! Here, hi! Open the door—I'll get out here!"
(From the Free Lance).

Epitaph on a Dead Bear.—"Tis grease, but living grease no more."

It is far more pleasant to give than to receive, as the boy said when he kicked his companion.

Natural History.—A wife relating how she has spent her husband's money.

OLD PEOPLE.—There is another sort of human beauty than that made up of coral lips and beaming eyes. It is a beauty that is not of the face nor of the mind; and it belongs only to old people, for the beauty we speak of is memory. It is the memories which old people bring along with them to our own days out of ancient years which give them their beauty. They stand like bas-relief designs on life's historical page—they are like stories commenced in a chapter long since turned over and continued under an increased numerical superscription. Memories cling to them like the scent of rosemary—associations adhere, surrounding them with a kind of light, like cobwebs that gleam round the leafless branches of a tree which all decent minds feel for old age flows from that veneration of the past which is one of countless human instincts. What is remote always takes a distinct majesty; we respect it as a thing of which we know just enough to perceive how unfamiliar we are with it. The present is of ourselves, a portion of our being, an abstraction with which we are ever face to face, and which we caress or maltreat as the humour takes us. There is an affection for the present but no respect.

Old age, then, has this advantage over a younger generation. In its presence we are standing before the adumbration of past glories. That skinny hand was plump, we think, that filmed eye was keen, those shrunken shanks were stout in days of which the perpetuation is to be found only in them and in our libraries. What days! These are the recollections that make poetry of old age and impart the beauty youth may sigh for in vain. It is no great accomplishment to have lived before the days of gas, steam, and electricity; before ironclad steamers and the underground railway. And yet the fact deserves a reverential recognition. Such a life comes to us instinct with the associations of great and stirring times—times that appear to us with a more quickening eloquence than we are likely to exert upon posterity. The old people of our day spring from a period when genius spoke as it speaks not now. We are no unworthy inheritors of that genius; but the channels into which we have directed it will excite in the minds of posterity admiration rather than affection. It is just the difference between the age of iron and the age of gold. We love the memories of our old people—the memories of the old people of the future will, we think, awaken only astonishment.—*The Leader*.

"I had been afflicted nine years with rheumatism and gripping pains all over my body, so as to be unable to work, and had been confined to my bed for several weeks when I heard of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and sent for a bottle. I commenced using it immediately, and within twelve hours I was free from pain and able to go down stairs.—GEORGE HEWSON, Warrington, August 15, 1867."

The Court Circular, of Saturday, October 24, says: "An important discovery has just been made, that Cocoa, peculiarly prepared, forms the best and most nutritious food for animals of all descriptions. The experience of all consumers proves that horses, cows, or pigs, who partake of this food, mixed along with their other provender, are in a much healthier condition, yield more produce, and are less liable to disease than cattle fed in the ordinary manner. Another great advantage is that by its use a considerable saving is effected. We recommend our readers to give the new condiment called the 'Nutritious Cocoa Extract' a fair trial, as we are sure, while they benefit pecuniarily, their animals will physically improve. The proprietors are the North British Cattle Food Company, of 173, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., who will be glad to forward a sample of 250 feeds for 10s., or 1,000 feeds for 34s.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.
By ALICE CARY.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best;
This one, facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.

All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain—
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-trails trod across;
See the fountains by the way-sides,
Each one in her house of moss
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
Garden beds, wherein the maidens,
Sow their seeds, as love doth hint,
To some rhyme of mystic charming,
That shall come back all in print.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,
Weeding out the tangled sentence
From the comas of the dew:
Little ladies, choose ye wisely,
Lest some day the choice ye rue.

I can see a troop of children—
Merry-hearted boys and girls—
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,
Racing toward the morning schoolhouse
Half a head before their curls.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.—When the bridegroom is presented the whole house is in confusion; all the relations, friends, and neighbours, on both sides, are invited to the house of the bride. When all the expected company are assembled, the matchmaker comes in, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and, going straight to the head of the house, presents him. The father first, then the mother, kisses him. The bride's father then leads the young man to a table covered with a white cloth; on the table is a silver salver with a loaf of bread on it, and on the bread a salt-cellar with salt. Two rings—one of gold, the other of silver—are placed on a small silver tray before a golden image of the Virgin Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms. With this image they bless the future couple. All the company stand; the mother holds the bride, completely dressed in white, by the hand, surrounded by all her dearest friends and companions. All bow before the image. The father takes the image, the mother the bread and salt; the young couple then kneel under the image, and are first blessed by the father; the latter then takes the bread and salt from the hands of the mother and gives her the image, and the same ceremony is repeated. After this comes the giving of the rings; the bride's father gives the golden ring to the bridegroom, the silver one to the bride. They are now affianced to each other, and give each other the first kiss. When the ceremony is over, the company enjoy themselves; they chat, laugh, eat, and drink, and separate, after having fixed the day for the marriage. During the interval between this ceremony and the marriage, the bridegroom spends all his evenings with his bride, often *à la-tête*. The marriage ceremony follows. It is also called the coronation, because during the ceremony, a crown is placed on the heads of the affianced. Then the priest offers them a cup of wine, of which they both drink, as a sign of the union they have contracted. A solemn procession is led by the officiating priest, the bride and bridegroom following him, round the desk placed in the centre of the church, upon which is laid the Bible. This is meant to represent the joys which await them, and the eternity of these ties. During the public celebration of the marriage the rings worn by the young people are exchanged: the husband now wearing the silver one, the bride the golden. From the church all the company invited go to the house of the bridegroom's father. A week after they return to church, when the priest lifts the crown from their heads. This is the final consecration of marriage.

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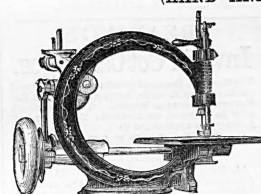
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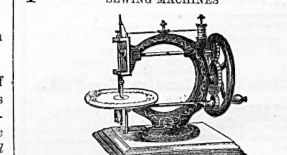
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